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THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

THE Royal visit to Ireland is not an ordinary Royal visit. It really marks a signal, and it may fairly be hoped decisive victory of the good over the evil genius of the Irish people. During the six centuries of misery, misrule, oppression, and civil war which make up Irish history, Ireland, among her other calamities, has seldom seen the face of her Sovereign. The kings of that unlucky land, while they sometimes endeavoured by legislation to discourage absenteeism, were themselves the greatest and the worst of all the absentees. The Irish people, like all the members of the Celtic race, are by nature ardently loyal. They are, in fact, more susceptible of attachment to persons than of attachment to institutions; and demonstrations of political utility command the allegiance of their warm hearts far less than the talisman of a beloved and honoured name. Yet a series of accidents, rather perhaps than the personal fault of any of our Sovereigns, has constantly deprived them of the object to which their political affections most surely turn, and most constantly adhere. The number of Royal visits to Ireland scarcely exceeds that of the centuries which have elapsed since the landing of STRONGBOW. HENRY II. went only to take a transient and incomplete possession of the land which he had half won by the hands of others. JOHN, maddened with crime and surrounded by insolent parasites, displayed English Royalty to the Irish in its most contemptible form. The brief Vice-royalty of LIONEL Duke of CLARENCE, though but the shadow of the Royal presence, sufficed to show what the effect of the reality would have been. RICHARD II. landed with a mighty armament, but he landed only like the insane Roman EMPEROR, to gather shells upon the Irish shore. Through the long period of rebellions and civil wars which ensued, Ireland was neglected in all senses by the rival dynasties which struggled for the English Crown. The country was more vigorously administered by the TUDORS and the STUARTS; but those Sovereigns did not visit it in person, and they might find some excuse for their omission to do so in the perils of war, of conspiracy, of religious and political faction, which beset their thrones, as well as in the endless commotions and insurrections which raged in Ireland itself. The Commonwealth, in the person of CROMWELL, appeared as an avenger and a confiscator; JAMES II. was a refugee, using the blood of a people for whom he cared little. WILLIAM III. was, to the mass of the Irish people, not a king, but the victorious chief of a vindictive faction. The Hanoverian Princes were little likely to visit with pleasure a part of their dominions which had been the great stronghold of the Jacobite cause, and where, in truth, their persons would scarcely have been safe. During a great part of the reign of GEORGE III., Ireland, thanks to the CAMDENS, the CASTLEREAGHS, and the ELTONS, was in a state of open or smothered rebellion. GEORGE IV., whatever may have been his moral obliquities, was not deficient in popular qualities; and he understood a great deal better than most English statesmen the power of sentiment, the influence of a gracious presence, and the spell of winning words. His visit to Ireland was perhaps the most successful act of a not very brilliant reign. It showed what a store of loyalty there was in the Irish heart, and proved that, if rebel chiefs and agitators reigned in Ireland, it was only in the absence, and on account of the absence, of the King. Queen VICTORIA has once before set foot on the Irish shore; but not, as on this occasion, in entire confidence or peace. At that time, the clouds of Irish faction and misfortune, though they were visibly breaking, had not cleared away. They have cleared away now; and the lingering vestiges of former calamities alone mar the general prospect of reviving prosperity which will everywhere meet the Royal eye.

Irish history has been a long tragedy in three acts. The first act was that of the wars between the native Irish and the Anglo-Norman settlers of the Pale. The second was that of the insurrections and civil wars which filled the reigns of the TUDORS and the STUARTS. The third was that of the Orange ascendancy, extending from the time of WILLIAM III. nearly to the present day. But the curtain has now at last fallen on the dark and bloody scene. The administration of the late Chief Secretary was marked by two unostentatious, but signal victories of the better spirit over the worse. The national interest obtained a complete triumph over that of Ascendancy in the matter of National Education; and the overt manifestations of civil hatred and of the rivalry of race, in the shape of party flags and processions, were, to all appearances, finally put down. Nor must the Landlord and Tenant Bill be forgotten, winding up, as it did, the long agrarian struggle which forms throughout the annals of Ireland an element at least as dark and malignant as those of national antipathy and religious hatred. "I have a firm conviction," said PEEL, when struggling against that last relic of the old Irish civil wars, the Repeal agitation, "that if there were a period of calm and tranquillity in Ireland, there is no part of the British Empire that would make such rapid progress in improvement. There are facilities for improvement and opportunities for it, which will make the advance of Ireland more rapid than the advance of any other country. I will conclude, then, by expressing my sincere and earnest hope that this agitation, and all the evil consequences of it, may be permitted to subside, and hereafter, in whatever capacity I may be, I should consider that the happiest day of my life when I could see the beloved Sovereign of these realms fulfilling the fondest wishes of her heart—possessing a feeling of affection for all her people, but mingling that affection with sympathy and tenderness towards Ireland. I should hail the dawning of that auspicious day when she could alight, like some benignant spirit, on the shores of Ireland, and lay the foundations of a temple of peace—when she could, in accents spoken from the heart, spoken to the heart rather than to the ear—call upon her Irish subjects, of all classes and of all denominations, Protestants and Roman Catholics, Saxon and Celt, to forget the difference of creed and of race, and to hallow that temple of peace which she would then found, with sacrifices still holier than those by which the temples of old were hallowed—by the sacrifice of those evil passions that dishonour our common faith, and prevent the union of heart and hand in defence of our common country." PEEL did not live to see the fulfilment of his wish; but it is now fulfilled, and the Irish Secretary who prepared its fulfilment was his friend and colleague, while the Irish Secretary who will witness its fulfilment is his son.

It is needless to say that no Sovereign ever sat on the throne of the United Kingdom better fitted to perform the gracious office of founding the "temple of peace" in Ireland, and presiding over the "sacrifice of evil passions" on the altar of peace, than our QUEEN. Her presence has been constantly desired, her absence constantly lamented by the Irish people; and if other objects of political affection have divided their hearts—if the names of demagogues, and even of foreigners, have half rivalled hers—it was only because she had not yet entered on the inheritance of her people's affection. When she appears, when there is even a rumour of her appearing, the hearts of the nation turn to their true Sovereign, and the pretensions of counterfeits are swept aside. The interest attaching to her person and her sex will mingle a sentiment of chivalry with the loyalty, characteristic of the race, which her presence as the Sovereign will evoke. Her reign, though it has not been free from Irish troubles—the consequences and relics of worse times—has, on the whole, been

marked by the steady subsidence of evil passions, following on the inauguration of a better system of government. No blood shed in Irish civil wars stains her robe; no scaffold has been erected for Irish conspirators under her sway. Her name, if it stands at the head of some measures of repression, graces measures, far more numerous and far more important, of justice, improvement, and reform. She is therefore an appropriate representative of the new and happier era of Irish history; and at her landing a "benignant spirit" may seem truly to touch the shore. It is a happy mission, and one worthy of the QUEEN whose personal virtues have perhaps done as much as the wisdom of our statesmen to preserve peace, union, and unbroken allegiance to constitutional liberty among us, while Monarchies upheld by consummate statecraft and immense military power, and Republics which seemed to themselves and their admirers the heirs of all the ages, have been laid together in the dust.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HUNGARIAN DIET.

UNLESS the Emperor of AUSTRIA was prepared to meet the wishes of Hungary, there was nothing for him to do but to dissolve the Diet. Apparently, the intention of again stating the Imperial case has been abandoned, and the elaborate and triumphant Address of M. DEAK is to be left without a reply. There is, indeed, nothing more to be said on either side. The EMPEROR offers a new Constitution, and the Hungarians ask for their old one. It is perfectly true that, as Mr. ROEBUCK urges, the EMPEROR may be quite sincere in his offer of a Constitution, in the sense that, if his Parliament would but help him to get through his difficulties, he would prefer this to war and bankruptcy. It is also evident that, if Austria were at once a free and a great Power, it would be very convenient to England to have such an ally in central Europe. All this is as clear at Pesth as it is in London or at Sheffield. But the Hungarians cannot accept the arrangement offered them. To them, this offer of a share in an Imperial Parliament seems only one phase of the long struggle they have undergone to assert their national existence. The HAPSBURG sovereigns of Hungary have been lavish of Imperial edicts substituting something better and more Austrian in place of the Hungarian Constitution. Sometimes in anger, and sometimes in kindness, they have repeatedly tendered these improvements to their subjects at Pesth. JOSEPH issued a series of the most benevolent orders, bidding everybody to be happy and everybody to be German. FERDINAND upset the ancient county system by the introduction of government administrators. The present Emperor wiped out all the historical privileges of Hungary by one stroke of his pen, and wiped out the Constitution he had substituted for those privileges by another stroke. He upset all the fabric of ecclesiastical polity in Hungary by signing the Concordat. Now, he offers eighty seats in the Reichsrath at Vienna to the deputies of Hungary. To all these offers, to all these changes, whether meant in wrath or in kindness, the Hungarians have opposed one uniform resistance. They have stood upon the groundwork of their ancient laws. They forced JOSEPH to recall his edicts—they obtained from FERDINAND the restoration of the old county government. They are now in a fair way to overthrow the Concordat and to have a Supreme Diet sitting permanently at Pesth. They know the secret of their power. It is because they have held fast to their nationality that they are strong. Every man who is now conspicuous in Hungary has spent the best years of his life in stirring up the national spirit, in developing the national resources, in making the Hungarians realize not only that they are a distinct people from the Austrians, but that they are a people to whom the future belongs. Seats in a Vienna Parliament are entirely out of the circle of their wishes and their aspirations; and the session has amply proved that their countrymen are with them to a man.

The Diet that has just closed its sittings has done wonders for Hungary. The Germans have long thrown two things in the teeth of the Hungarians. They have pointed to the divisions and jealousies that have at so many critical times spread confusion through the ranks of Hungarian patriots, and they have confidently asserted that they are a people incapable of combined political action. They also refer to the list of Austrian statesmen, and observe that none, or scarcely any, are of Hungarian origin. The Hungarians, they insinuate, are very fine fellows in their own vestry meetings, but are not quite up to Imperial business. The history of the last few months will for ever put an end to reproaches

which previously may have been in some degree justified. The Hungarians have shown, during this session, a power of political action which is almost without a parallel. They have submitted implicitly to the guidance of one man. They have hushed every feeling of jealousy, they have stifled every germ of displeasure, in order that Hungary might come before Europe having one mind and one voice. No one unacquainted with Hungary and Hungarian history can tell how much self-control this implies. Hungary has in it, as every country has, many discordant elements. In 1848, it was not until the revolution at Paris quickened their decision, that the Magnates could be brought to agree to the reforms of the Lower House. There is a rich and powerful Catholic clergy which the Jesuits have long striven to link with the extremest advocates of Papal pretensions. The Orthodox Greeks and the Protestants each number large, ancient and privileged communities. In the body of the people there are thousands to whom the name of KOSSUTH is dear, and who have vowed never to forgive the Government that brought down Russia to slaughter their fathers and their sons. From all these sources, so various in feeling and nurtured on traditions so different, there has not come one discordant note. M. DEAK was chosen to represent Hungary, and nothing was suffered to interrupt for a moment the free action of the man of the nation's choice. The Magnates voted the Address with the same celerity and the same unanimity as the Lower House. The Archbishop of GRAN was as absorbed in emancipating his country as the humblest Greek or Lutheran priest. M. DEAK was as rapturously applauded by the friends of the late Count TELEKI as by the friends of Baron VAY. And he showed himself worthy of his position. It is not often that Europe is invited to study a document so logical, so clear, so statesmanlike as his Address. It stated and exhausted a case clear in principle but difficult and obscure in detail. Nor was the mode in which the address was promulgated and voted before any opposition could be made by the Government, a trifling proof of the tact and courage which are such important ingredients in the art of statesmanship. It will be absurd henceforth for the Germans to speak of the Hungarians as intellectually their inferiors. Prussia is now considered the light and glory of Germany; but foreign critics who have travelled through the rambling, desultory, unmeaning despatches of the late Prussian Foreign Minister, and watched the indecision of the Prussian Cabinet, will scarcely think that Berlin is able to give a lesson in statesmanship to Pesth.

The Diet is dissolved, and the members will go down to their counties and their homes to tell the story of their doings, to relate the triumphs they have won, to explain how the law and the Constitution have sanctioned all their proceedings, and to breathe hopes of a glorious future. Tribulation will come, in all probability, to bind them and their neighbours together. Austrian soldiers will be told off to wring the taxes from the reluctant peasant and landowner; and then every weapon that men of reputation, position, and family distinction can use will be brought into play to organize a passive resistance which shall make the collection of taxes a weary and a profitless work, while no excuse is given for the employment of martial rigour. Long practice has made the Hungarians great adepts in this art of passive resistance; and from time immemorial the counties have been accustomed to try every method of rendering practically inoperative the Imperial edicts which they believed to be unjustifiable. Adversity will strengthen the national spirit, and will consolidate the newly-wrought ties that have bound the nation into a whole. Concession might have divided Hungary; but the refusal of all concession will make it unanimous and strong. It is a very poor consolation to the EMPEROR that his force is for the moment irresistible. He can quarter his soldiers on Hungarian families—he can bid his servants burn and plunder, and bully. But every means of coercion he uses separates him more absolutely and finally from his ideal of a strong and united Empire. With Hungary dissatisfied, and the Hungarians staying sullenly at home, his Vienna Parliament, however good and sincere may have been the intentions with which it was planned, becomes necessarily a failure. The Hungarians cannot get their own Constitution, but they can make any other Constitution impossible. The EMPEROR has not yet found the secret that will enable him to get rid of the miserable bank-notes for twopence which form the staple currency of Austria, that will avert bankruptcy by giving scope to industry and enterprise, and will furnish him with an army of which at least a half shall not be as

eager to fight against him as for him. He may have been right to try to have his own way, and to engage in a struggle with Hungary; for the strength and wisdom and courage of the Hungarians has been, it must be confessed, far beyond what was expected of them. But now that he has tried and failed, the sooner he acknowledges his failure the better it will be for him and for Europe.

THE SOUTH LANCASHIRE ELECTION.

THE importance of the South Lancashire election has not been overrated, either by winners or losers. The verdict of the second largest constituency of the United Kingdom—a mixed constituency, too, representing commerce, manufactures, and agriculture alike—may justly be regarded as indicating the bias, for the time being, of the general feeling of the country. What the electors of such a county division as South Lancashire do this year is a pretty sure practical index to what a good many other electoral bodies are likely to do next year in the event of a dissolution of Parliament. There was nothing in the personal circumstances of the contest to obscure its political significance. The candidates were very fairly matched. Both were respectable; both were known men; yet neither of the two was eminent in ability or political standing. The Chairman of the Liverpool Dock Board was not unequally pitted against an active and useful member of the Manchester Cotton Supply Association; and if Mr. TURNER had wider personal influence and better electioneering opportunities than his rival, Mr. CHEETHAM possessed the public claims founded on having twice already represented the division in Parliament. On the whole, neither party can be said to have had any considerable advantage over its opponent, so far as the individual qualifications of the respective candidates were concerned, and it is impossible to suppose that the result was appreciably influenced by the popularity or unpopularity of either aspirant. At the same time, it would not be quite correct to say that the struggle was, in the ordinary sense of the words, one of political party, or even of broadly marked political principles, strongly asserted on one side and resolutely negated on the other. The result of the contest may have important party consequences, and undoubtedly great principles of national policy were practically at issue; but, ostensibly, the political antagonism of the two candidates was confined within very narrow limits. It was not a contest of the good old sort between the adherents and the opponents of a Minister. Lord DERBY profits by the victory won by his friends, but it was not won in Lord DERBY's name. In fact, the successful candidate took some pains to show that he was a sounder Palmerstonian than his Liberal rival; and he might steadily support Lord PALMERSTON's Government in the House of Commons without violating, so far as we are aware, any one of his hustings pledges. The political opinions and preferences of Mr. TURNER and Mr. CHEETHAM are no doubt, in reality, widely different, but much ingenuity was displayed on each side in showing how closely they both approximated to the common standard of Liberal Conservatism or Conservative Liberalism. Both made it their chief business to appeal to the moderate Liberal opinion of the constituency. Mr. TURNER found it expedient to declare himself a friend of "progress;" and Mr. CHEETHAM, on the other hand, was anxious to explain that he was supremely solicitous, not only to "reform and amend," but also to "establish and perpetuate the institutions of the country." Mr. TURNER, like Mr. CHEETHAM, avowed "non-intervention" and "sympathies with liberty everywhere," as the guiding principles of his foreign policy; and Mr. CHEETHAM, like Mr. TURNER, professed the deepest interest in the efficiency and completeness of the national defences. Mr. TURNER went strongly for the union of Church and State; and Mr. CHEETHAM protested that he had not the remotest desire to see Church and State separated before that probably distant day when churchmen themselves will be generally in favour of the severance. Mr. CHEETHAM was very strong on Free-trade; and Mr. TURNER declared his "full concurrence" in "the principle which is now universally recognised as the proper basis of commercial legislation." Nevertheless, underneath this superficial agreement there was a profound opposition of principles between the two candidates, and there can be no question whatever that the verdict of the constituency is to be taken as the expression of an unusually strong political feeling.

In rejecting Mr. CHEETHAM, South Lancashire has really rejected Mr. BRIGHT, and the League, and the Manchester

School, and the anti-national policy with which they are identified. This is the long and short of the matter. Mr. CHEETHAM was Mr. BRIGHT's candidate, and that settled the question. He was personally unobjectionable to the constituency, which he had creditably served in former Parliaments; he was by no means an eager or violent advocate of the Manchester dogmas; he had even, in his very first address to the electors, been careful to "deprecate any measure which would prevent the naval and military services of the country from being maintained in the most perfect condition of efficiency." But Mr. BRIGHT had made a speech for him, while Mr. GEORGE WILSON had been one of his canvassers; and so there was nothing more to be said. It was in vain that he protested against the inference that, "because he was supported by a particular individual, therefore he was to be supposed to advocate all the opinions of that individual." The electors obstinately declined to regard Mr. BRIGHT as a "particular individual." To them, the member for Birmingham was the exponent of a political creed, the head of a political school; and the candidate who sought and obtained his confidence and patronage was the candidate of that school. To vote for Mr. CHEETHAM was to vote for Mr. BRIGHT—to defeat Mr. CHEETHAM was to defeat Mr. BRIGHT. Wisely or unwisely, this was the principle that governed their decision; and hence the practical significance of that decision. Mr. BRIGHT, in a speech at Rochdale, called on the electors to reject the candidate of a party which had been uniformly wrong on the great political and commercial questions of the past thirty years. The appeal was not without point and force; but the electors have preferred to reject the candidate of a party which, in their judgment, is wrong on the most vitally important questions of the present day. They refuse to accept the dictation of the demagogue who, two years ago, had all but succeeded in getting up a war of classes, and whose strongest political feeling is antipathy to the institutions and the free national life of his own country. They decline the guidance of the champion of that American democracy which is just now making such a sorry exhibition of itself on the stage of the world's affairs. They repel the counsels of the politician who would have England undefended and unarmed, with NAPOLEON III. for her nearest neighbour, and who contrives to combine the advocacy of ultra-peace principles with servile panegyrics on the Imperial chief of an aggressive military despotism. They repudiate the Liberalism which cries, "Perish Savoy!" for the sake of a commercial treaty, and which would be equally ready to make Napoleonism a present of Sardinia, or the Rhine, or Belgium, or Syria, rather than spoil the market for cotton prints. This is the meaning of the South Lancashire election. "The untimely flattery," says a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "by Mr. BRIGHT and his friends, of the American democracy, which is at this moment playing so melancholy a part, and of the military and centralizing democracy which rules in France, has ruined the authority of the head of the Manchester School with his countrymen;" and the respectable Manchester Liberal who thought to get into Parliament by the help of Mr. BRIGHT's good word takes the consequences of having shut his eyes to a fact which has for some time been patent to impartial observers both at home and abroad. The preference of Mr. TURNER to Mr. CHEETHAM is simply the protest of one of the foremost of English constituencies against Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. BRIGHT's policy, and Mr. BRIGHT's friends—against democracy, against Imperialism, against peace-at-any-price, against platform agitation, against incendiary appeals to class antipathies, and political trading on class passions.

It might be too much to expect that ultra-Liberals should be quick to learn an unwelcome lesson. The true moral of a "whipping" is not readily appreciated by Friends of the People on either side of the Atlantic, and we have seen some attempted explanations of the South Lancashire catastrophe quite as absurd as any of the devices by which American patriots have endeavoured to reconcile themselves to the disaster of Bull's Run. The suggestion of the Radical journals that the Conservative triumph of last week marks the indifference of advanced Liberals to the fate of Lord PALMERSTON's "semi-Tory" Administration, would be more plausible had the advanced Liberals stood aloof from the contest, instead of plunging into it with extraordinary zeal and unanimity. It is not the disgust of the advanced Liberals at Lord PALMERSTON's semi-Toryism that has caused the defeat of Mr. CHEETHAM, but the disgust of moderate Liberals at the revolutionary extravagances of a political

section with which the rejected candidate was a little too intimately connected, and with which the Government itself has heretofore unworthily coquetted. That the result of the contest is a blow to Lord PALMERSTON's Administration must, unhappily, be admitted, not only because it diminishes by one a majority which was already little more than nominal, but also, and chiefly, because Lord PALMERSTON, like Mr. CHEETHAM, has committed the mistake of overrating Mr. BRIGHT's influence, and has incurred the discredit of leaning on his support. The weakness of a Ministry which no thoughtful politician can wish to see displaced is matter for sincere regret; but the notion of remedying the evil by reverting to the very policy which has produced it is one which could only occur to minds incapable of receiving the plainest lessons of experience. It may or may not be possible for the present Government to survive the repeated discomfitures of an ally on whose aid it has once depended, but it is certain that nothing is to be gained by attempting to renew the alliance. We can only hope that interests of graver national import than the fate of a Cabinet or the fortunes of a party may not be compromised in the reaction which is the natural and merited penalty of political cowardice and insincerity.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE war in America seems to be assuming for the present a character which is eminently favourable to the party which has throughout professed to be standing on the defensive. The project of Mr. LINCOLN to crush the Secession movement by one irresistible blow collapsed at Manassas, mainly from the impossibility of extemporizing an army by platform agitation, and getting a victory executed to order by recruits who had all the qualities of volunteers with the single exception of patriotic devotion. It is now apparently recognised that the so-called rebellion is not to be crushed by sensation articles, or frightened out of existence by levies of hundreds of thousands of untrained and half-hearted troops. The task which the Northern States have set themselves is one that demands a well-trained and well-appointed army, and this is tantamount to saying that nothing decisive can be expected to occur until many laborious months shall have been devoted to drill and discipline. The communications from the South have been sufficiently interrupted to leave a veil of mystery over the condition and the plans of the Secession forces; but though the memorable day of Bull's Run seems to imply more earnestness and courage in the South than in the North, it may be surmised that the same need of military training which checks the advance of the Federalists will prevent the opposite party from making any very brilliant use of the advantage they have gained. The staple of the last week's news consists of nothing more exciting than the occasional advance of pickets, and the strengthening of the salient points held by the Southern army. A conflict, dignified by the name of a battle, is recorded, but it seems to have been nothing more than a successful dash of some Northern cavalry to escape from an infantry force into the midst of which they had inadvertently fallen. Picturesque incidents are, as might be expected, ready to hand to adorn the narrative of the New York press. The officer in command of the cavalry is stated to have fallen in the action, and some of his comrades, as they charged through the overwhelming masses of the enemy, had leisure to count up the number of rebels whom the ill-fated lieutenant had sabred, and to gauge the wounds of those who were smitten by the irresistible arms of the Northern troops. Heads are described with surgical accuracy as having been cloven entirely through, and other details, of an exciting character are duly mentioned; but the engagement does not appear to have any military significance, and the sequel of the narrative seems to show that the Confederates still meditate an attack upon Springfield, while the Unionists are, according to their own account, preparing "with confident hearts and strong arms for the bloody struggle which they anticipate in defence of their position."

While the operations in the field are limited to skirmishes and affairs of outposts, General McCLELLAN is prudently commencing the task of creating an army out of the disorganized mob which fled from Manassas Junction. If the course of events should allow him sufficient time for the operation, there is no reason to doubt that he will succeed in transforming his Irish, Scotch, German, and American recruits into serviceable soldiers. The panic of an undisciplined

force led by incompetent officers may be accounted for without assuming any want of natural aptitude for military duty. If the Federal commander should make a trustworthy army out of the materials at his command, it will not be the first time that beaten and panic-stricken fugitives have been taught the art of winning battles. But the war assumes a very different aspect now that it is found necessary to train an army for the victories which the enthusiasts of the Cabinet had hoped to win by the display of numbers and the supposed enthusiasm of patriotic levies. Time is the most formidable enemy with which the new General has to contend; and every day that is spent in preparation and necessary inaction will drain the resources of the Government almost as heavily as an active campaign. Whether the patience and the liberality of the Northern community will hold out under a trial which was never anticipated is the question on which the issue of the conflict will mainly depend; and it needs a close acquaintance with Transatlantic character to say whether the war passion will sustain itself through an autumn, and probably a winter of uneventful and costly preparation.

Nothing can be more admirable than the vigour with which General McCLELLAN has set to work to remedy the disorganization of his troops. The appointment of a Provost-Marshal for Washington was no doubt an essential preliminary to the introduction of real military discipline; and stern general orders, prohibiting elected officers from loafing about the bars and streets of the capital, are said already to have had an excellent effect on the order and tranquillity of the city. The extraordinary power now vested in the President of dismissing officers at pleasure may readily be imagined to be essential to the reconstruction of the army which was routed at Bull's Run. One regiment is mentioned, on the authority of a New York paper, in which, while the Colonel was on trial for drunkenness, the Major lay drunk in his tent, and the Lieutenant-Colonel was just able to stagger up to the Adjutant to ask him to give the necessary orders. If this is a type, however exaggerated, of the Grand Army of the Potomac, its discomfiture ceases to be a matter of surprise; and the necessity of an energetic reform in the superior ranks, even to the extent of sweeping dismissals and black-hole discipline, becomes intelligible. Evils such as these are neither surprising nor irremediable. Fire Zouaves, however bloodthirsty, are not unlikely to select bad officers; and a bad officer, though appointed on the purest principles of universal suffrage, is certain to destroy the mutual confidence on which bravery in action almost exclusively depends. By slow degrees, efficient substitutes may be trained to take the place of the patriotic gentlemen who are receiving "ovations" at home in honour of the "whipping" which they modestly acknowledge themselves to have received. But General McCLELLAN must be a greater genius than the world has yet produced if he can make an effective army out of the materials at his command without a much longer delay than will be agreeable to the impetuous patriots of New York.

The expectation of rapid and energetic movements by the Confederates after the repulse of the grand attack upon their lines has not yet been fulfilled, and critics who affect to pass a military judgment on the campaign have been rather severe in their strictures upon the imbecility of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. Not much is known of the policy or the condition of the Confederates, but it is a rational hypothesis that the same impediments which have checked the career of the Unionists may have recommended cautious tactics to their opponents. Though there are many more experienced officers in the Southern army, it is still a force of half-trained volunteers, with a commissariat department which is said to be inferior even to that of the Northern army. A rapid march upon Washington might or might not have resulted in the capture of the city, but the critics who complain that so grand an opportunity was neglected leave out of account the possibility that the army which held its position at Manassas may nevertheless have been incapable, for want of organization, of making a dash into the enemy's country. The last result attained by military organization is the power of moving large bodies of men with celerity and precision, and the accounts of the last few weeks seem to show that neither side is capable at present of striking a decisive blow. The political prospects of the struggle will probably be found to turn upon this peculiarity of the military situation. It would need a bold prophet to venture on any predictions of the course of American affairs; but it needs no special foresight to perceive that the vital questions are, which of

the contending parties will be the better able to hold out against the revulsion of feeling which time may bring with it, and what will be the effect of the war, should it be prolonged, on the Constitutional liberties of the American people. Mr. RUSSELL quotes a prediction which he heard during his Southern travels, that, for the Secession cause, delay would be certain victory. In the Slave States, at least, it was assumed that the enthusiasm which was so quickly got up by the Northern press would not be proof against a year of war. On their own side, time was to do nothing but increase the energy and unanimity of a Confederacy engaged in a struggle for existence. Whether this anticipation will be fulfilled remains to be proved, but the position of the Seceding States is certainly more calculated to develop a stubborn persistency than the inflated dreams of conquest which led the chivalry of the North to Bull's Run and back again.

Meanwhile, the dangers which threaten their favourite democratic institutions are contemplated by Americans with an easy indifference which is rather startling. That the Constitution has been set aside as rudely on the part of its defenders as of its adversaries is seen without the least expression of regret or dismay, and, with the strange inconsistency which seems the only settled characteristic of the American temperament, the military dictatorship of General McCLELLAN is awaited with apparent satisfaction by the people who have hitherto been the most extravagant worshippers of popular rights. Nothing in America seems to follow the ordinary laws of human nature. A mob eager for victory welcomes fugitive soldiers with exulting cheers, and a people frantic for liberty courts the despotism of a military chief. What will come of this strange medley Americans can guess perhaps as little as ourselves; but they may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they have completely succeeded in exciting the wondering interest of the Old Country.

COTTON SUPPLY.

WHEN the news first arrived of the dangers which threaten to cut off the American exportation of cotton, the first idea that occurred, not only to the Manchester spinners but to all who felt a national interest in the security of our staple manufacture, was to prosecute inquiries all over the world as to the capabilities of different countries for the production of cotton, and to make known, in the most remote districts, the probability that England would soon be driven to seek her supply wherever Nature allowed the plant to thrive. The energy with which this policy has been pursued is proved by the almost embarrassing abundance of reports on the subject, and by the universal stir which has been created throughout every country which can boast of even a few acres of promising cotton land. There is probably not a British colonist or a native subject of the British Empire whom the Cotton-supply question has not reached, nor has the movement been limited to our own dominions. In Asia, in Africa, in Australia, and in the West India Islands, which have long been languishing for a profitable industry, the agitation has made itself felt, and from every district information has been returned, stating, with businesslike precision, what they are capable of doing, and what are the impediments which have to be removed before a successful export trade can be created. The facts which are now established by the most exact evidence have, in the main, been known for a long time to those who have been concerned in the cotton trade. There is scarcely a country within limits of latitude which embrace more than half the surface of the earth where serviceable cotton may not be produced. The area within which a staple can be obtained equal to the average products of the Slave States of America is probably extensive enough to supply ten times over the requirements of all the mills, not only of Lancashire, but of the whole world. Even the choicest quality which America can grow has been equalled in more than one district. Queensland has sent samples of the best Sea Island, and the most favourable accounts have been received of the capabilities of Egypt and Brazil, of Cyprus and Peru, and even of such remote regions as the Fijian Archipelago. It is almost superfluous to dwell on the productiveness of India, which has been proved by the best of all tests—a large and rapid increase in the exports to England.

When the means are thus shown to exist of furnishing supplies so enormously in excess of any possible demand, and when the report of our necessities has reached almost every cultivator within the wide limits where the

cotton plant will flourish, there might seem to be no further occasion for anxiety, let the result of the American conflict be what it may. But this is very far from the truth. All the knowledge which has been gathered, and all the information which has been so industriously spread throughout the world, is of inestimable value, but knowledge and information are not action, and the inquiry which has taught us what the people of so many different countries can do to help us in time of need has taught us also the condition on which alone they can be induced to exert themselves in our behalf. The question has become simply one of price. Make it pay to grow cotton, and we can have any quantity, and almost any quality, that we desire. It has long been observed that a rise of a penny per pound in the Liverpool quotations had a marvellous effect in increasing the imports from India, and a recent official examination of the principal cotton fields in Bengal has resulted in a simple confirmation of past experience. The existence or the non-existence of an export trade is found to depend, as might have been expected, on the comparative prices in the country markets and those at which it pays to buy for the English trade. Some districts are mentioned where the prices current among the natives on the spot are so high as to leave little, if any, margin for the cost of transit and freight; but these are exceptional instances, and in many localities the only thing which checks the supply for export is the inordinate expense of transporting the produce of the farm from the interior of India to the ports of England. Notwithstanding the impulse given to the trade by the alarm occasioned by the disruption of the United States, the prices which have prevailed in the English market have not yet sufficed to countervail as fully as might be wished the natural—or, one might almost call it, the artificial—protection which the bad roads of India furnish to the planters of South Carolina. Something of the same difficulty is felt in almost all the countries from which an increased supply has been looked for. In Egypt, for instance, the PASHA has professed himself most anxious to promote the cultivation of cotton for the English market, but the substance of his reply to the agent of the Cotton Supply Association is that, as soon as the fellahs find that cotton is more remunerative than other crops, they will be extremely glad to grow as much as we can take. So, again, in Australia—the scarcity and cost of labour offer the sole impediment to an almost boundless cultivation; and it seems certain that, before the bulk of our supply can be obtained from other than American sources, either the market price in England must rise beyond its present level, or the incidental expenses of the culture, the preparation, and the transport of the crop must be considerably diminished.

The improvement of internal communications is one of the most obvious means of diminishing the makeweight which tells so heavily in favour of America; and the Government of India appears to be doing all that is practicable in this respect. But there are other modes of cheapening the production of cotton fit for the home market which would be scarcely less efficacious. With English capital and English skill, the cotton of India might be prepared for our markets at much less expense than the natives incur, and with an improvement in quality which would command a corresponding increase of price; but though the Indian authorities profess, with apparent sincerity, a desire to encourage the operations of English capitalists, they have not succeeded as yet in removing the difficulties which have hitherto stood in the way of any effective colonization for the purpose of cotton cultivation. The agents of Manchester ask for an indefinite supply of good cotton land in fee simple, and the GOVERNOR-GENERAL replies that he has very little waste land to dispose of, and that what he has is, for the most part, unsuitable for cotton cultivation. The question of tenure is treated with greater reserve, and no hint is given that the objections to an extensive redemption of the land-tax have yet been overcome. The natives, it is said, are in possession of all the best cotton land, and cultivate it with sufficient skill; and the course suggested to the English manufacturers is to assist the ryots with capital, and to introduce among them the improved methods of gathering and clearing the crop which are necessary to enhance its value in the English market. This is precisely the same advice as that which the Viceroy of Egypt gave to a deputation from the Cotton Supply Association; but the experience of indigo-planting in Bengal, and the insecurity of contract rights in a country like Egypt, are not encouraging to capitalists who may desire to invest their money in cotton cultivation.

By degrees, no doubt, capital and skill will find their way into any branch of industry where they may hope for a profitable return; but the one magic influence which can be most trusted to bring in the raw material of our manufacturing industry is a rise in price. If the effect would follow the cause without a perilous interval, we might rest content with the obvious consolation that a failure of the American exports will speedily raise the value of cotton sufficiently to make it a paying crop, not only in India, but in a multitude of other countries; and certainly a small addition to the cost of calico for two or three years would be amply recompensed by the destruction of the American monopoly. If Cotton is to be King, it would be pleasanter to have a monarch less exclusively American, but the dynasty will not easily be changed until the pressure of scarcity has created a natural bounty on the efforts of foreign competitors for the throne. One after another, the most favourably situated districts will gradually establish a permanent hold upon the trade; and if the progress of India, especially, continues to be as marked as it has been during the present year, there will be no good reason to complain that the desired revolution is not accomplished at a blow.

The proportion of American cotton held at the present time is considerably less than it has been in former years, although the whole stock is nearly up to its average amount, and is calculated to be sufficient to keep the mills at work until the spring. Some progress has therefore already been made in supplanting the hazardous monopoly of the Slave States, and a still more important, though more remote, benefit is secured by the wide diffusion of information on the subject. Time must be required to fill the void which would be created in the event of a sudden interruption of the supply from America, but the communications which have taken place in anticipation of such a disaster will prevent the inevitable interval of scarcity from being prolonged a day more than is absolutely necessary. It is in thus preparing the world to come to the rescue on the first symptoms of a cotton famine, even more than in the immediate increase of the supply, that the value of recent efforts consists. And though a cotton crop cannot be extemporized at a day's notice, the network of organization which has been extended over the world may be relied on to engage the industry of all nations for our relief with a rapidity which may, in any probable contingency, suffice to stave off the calamity of a continued dearth.

AMATEUR PARLIAMENTS.

THE Association for the Promotion of Social Science is usually one of the first of those amateur Parliaments which, for persons who are above the vanity of Alpine travel, and look on grouse as frivolous, constitute one of the chief recreations of the recess. To those who do not attend their meetings, their papers often contain matter which may be true, but is certainly not new, and is the very reverse of exciting. But there is always something cheerful and pleasant in the energy with which they panegyrize themselves for intending to do so many good and useful things. It would be a grateful duty to join in the complacent chorus, if we could only grasp the precise nature of the good and useful things which these patriots intend to do. Profuse communicativeness is often more impenetrable than the profoundest silence; and nothing has thrown a thicker veil of mystery over the objects of the Association than the volubility of the speakers who profess to explain them. The name they have selected does not help us, for it is one of those unhappy words which occupy the place of odd-man among the adjectives, and are always set to do the work which no other adjective can be found to do. Analogy is therefore no help to us. We know from Mr. BRIGHT that "social liberty" means the liberty of walking into dinner before a duke; but we can hardly venture to infer that "social science" means the science of performing the same enviable feat. The study of what is called the "social evil" is undoubtedly one of the most popular sciences of the day, especially among persons of piety. We might be inclined to conclude that it was the real object of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, especially from the publicity of their discussions and the number of ladies present; but we find that the subject is not so much as glanced at in the speeches—which is certainly a remarkable fact to be recorded of any meeting of a benevolent character at the present day, and can only be accounted for by the circumstance that there were very few clergymen and no Bishops among the speakers. We know, again, what a "social meeting" is.

Is it not penny-a-line English for a dinner? Are we to conclude that social science is the science of being social; and that a meeting for the promotion of social science is only a very long name for a dinner or dinners? From the number of such meetings which the members appear to have enjoyed in Dublin, it may be safely assumed that, if this was not the principal object of their coming together, at all events it occupied a very high rank among their secondary aims. But Lord BROUGHAM's sentiments in favour of the Maine Liquor Law, in his inaugural address, were of so very unconvivial a character, that we are afraid this solution must be laid aside. If we turn to the speeches to help us, our perplexity is only increased. Like ancient disputations, they are *de omni re scibili, et quibusdam aliis*. From the employment of women to the working of the University Elections Bill, from the abuses of the French Empire to the abuses of the Court of Admiralty, they range over every subject in respect to which censure can be suggested or improvement conceived. If we could suppose them to have any practical end in view, we should imagine them to be a Committee for the purpose of framing the celebrated Bill to give Everything to Everybody. But as that measure does not appear to be forthcoming, we can only conclude that the Association is a contrivance for enabling those who are not in Parliament to make speeches as if they were, and for enabling those who are in Parliament, and have not talked enough, to talk more.

When first this Association was started, there was a hope that it might supply an intelligible want. There are a certain number of subjects of which legislation takes little or no cognizance, but in respect of which there is a right and a wrong that very materially affect the well-being of society. Many things, which abroad Governments control, are in England left to the common sense and benevolence of private men; and it is of the highest importance that that benevolence should be both stimulated and kept straight. The founding of schools and reformatories, the construction of labourers' cottages in accordance with moral and sanitary laws, the relief of distress, and the reclamation of vice, are duties which, in the main, England looks to her citizens, and not to her Government, to do. An association of speech-makers who would go about the country preaching these duties to rude rural districts and densely packed towns alike, and pointing out how they should be performed, would confer, at great personal sacrifice, a great benefit on their age. Such is the inclination of the English variety of the human species for sitting on a wooden bench with eyes uplifted to a gesticulating figure on a platform, that such an order of lay preaching friars would carry enlightenment into many a district which newspaper and pamphlet are levelled at in vain. Probably this was the original conception of the Association. But the difficulty was that the labourers for such a harvest were by no means abundant. It was necessary to have recourse to motives more mixed and topics more exciting. The requisite number of willing speakers could hardly be found without recourse to the professionals—to members of Parliament present, past, or aspiring. They could always be relied on; for any public appearance is political capital to a statesman. But that members of Parliament should talk, and not talk politics, was too chimerical a dream even for philanthropists to entertain. Accordingly, the promotion of social science was held to include the discussion of political questions. Under this interpretation of social science, there has been no difficulty in finding speakers. All Englishmen like talking politics; and especially those who have been already talking them half the year. There is in platform speaking an immunity from count-outs and an exemption from the annoyances of a reply which is very attractive to a certain class of speakers. And the certainty of being reported, which solaces the soul of every speech-maker in the autumn months, has an inexpressible charm to those who have had to mourn during the session many a buried witticism and many a mutilated flourish. Unhappily, the lean kine, as generally happens in these cases, have swallowed up the fat kine. The non-legislative questions have been elbowed into a corner by the legislative controversies, which, if the press and Parliament are not sufficient for them, can only be dealt with adequately by special agitation. The Association for the Promotion of Social Science is rapidly degenerating into a universal agitation shop. Its debates consist mainly of speeches which the orator would have gladly delivered in Parliament if he could have obtained a seat there, or if, being in Parliament, he could have induced the House to hear him. The fault is

not in the speakers. The whole mechanism of our Constitution naturally makes political questions much more familiar to the minds of educated men than any other. The changes which professional and active men desire are generally changes in the law. It is quite natural for an ex-Chancellor to discuss the advantages of a Department of Justice, for an Irish barrister to urge that he should be allowed to practise at the English bar, for Mr. WHITESIDE to dwell on criminal law, and Mr. HENNESSY on the Irish education system. So long as there is a choice between the two classes of questions, those that involve no question of legislation will command but scanty attention. The result is that the Association is almost wholly useless for that which should be its main purpose. The inculcation of the social duties of all the wealthier classes to the ill-instructed and the poor is cast into the shade. On the other hand, the political agitation which supersedes it is bad and ineffective of its kind. Proposals for a score of different reforms of an abstruse character in the course of an afternoon, are apt to leave an indistinct impression on the memory of an unsophisticated tradesman. We give hearty credit to the originators of the Association for their good intentions; but they are good intentions of a kind with which Bunkum, more than any other place, is paved. We wish them a prosperous future, with less noise and simpler aims. If they would avoid the questions which belong to politicians, and the advertising tactics which belong to the travelling showman, they might leave to others the trumpeting which they are now, with so much labour and iteration, compelled to perform for themselves.

PATENT RIGHTS.

AN old controversy has lately been stirred by the *Times* on the occasion of a speech delivered by Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG at a meeting of Sheffield engineers. The successful inventor of the rifled cannon which promise to introduce a new era of warfare, is not the first among distinguished and prosperous mechanicians who has lifted his voice against the whole system of patent rights by which the Legislature has endeavoured to encourage and reward the ingenuity of inventors. The opponents of the existing law generally rely on two distinct lines of argument, one of which is sufficiently *ad captandum* and childish, while the other really deserves very serious consideration. The first of these is naturally that on which the *Times* lays the greatest stress, though the observations of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, which furnished the text for the article, are founded exclusively on the more solid and practical argument. The *Times*' theory is, that patent rights savour of monopoly, and that they are sadly out of place in the present enlightened age of free trade. The fact that our existing patent laws are the lineal descendants of the Statute of Monopolies passed in the reign of JAMES I., affords a tempting verbal support to this eminently popular way of viewing the subject. The circumstance that the statute thus held up to public contempt was an Act, not for the encouragement, but for the suppression of monopolies, rather shakes the absolute theoretical position which the *Times* takes up; and the truth is that the grave question of the expediency of the Patent laws has nothing whatever to do with the contest between monopoly and Free-trade which has resulted in the signal success of the latter. That an exclusive right to manufacture a patent article is in some sense a monopoly, cannot well be denied, but the same may be said of the exclusive right to publish a particular book, and of all those rights of property in land and goods which lie at the root of all civilized society. Those who would propound a theory which condemns all such monopoly in the abstract must, if they profess to be logically consistent, go the whole length of the doctrine *la propriété c'est le vol*; and the only way in which observations of this character have any bearing upon the Patent laws is by raising the question whether an invention can justly be treated as the subject of property at all.

Setting aside considerations of expediency, we do not see how it is possible on any abstract ground to dispute the right of property of an inventor in the discovery which may have rewarded his labours. It is his own creation, in a sense which is not always true of a literary production, and not true at all of the ordinary subjects of property. The man who devises a machine by which the labour of one man may be made equivalent to that of ten, actually creates an almost unlimited quantity of productive power, which might otherwise have remained as useless to mankind as the ore in an undiscovered gold mine. Is such a benefactor of the

human race to go without his reward, and is there any more appropriate way of securing him a due recompence for his labours than by giving him a limited property in the invention which he has made? No one can think it just (whether it may be expedient is another question) that the inventor who has given a new impulse to the industry of his age should be allowed to starve—as many inventors, not in consequence, but in spite of patent laws, have done—while capitalists who borrowed his ideas were reaping abundant fortunes. That inventors like WATT and ARKWRIGHT would have been utterly suppressed but for the encouragement of patent laws is a fact which ought not to be lost sight of, nor is it at all certain that the mischief would end with the immolation of the men who were ingenious enough to discover the means of revolutionizing the industry of their country. It is not at all improbable that, without the encouragement afforded by the Patent laws, the steam engine might never have been developed, and the staple manufacture of Lancashire might never have emerged from the comparative insignificance from which ARKWRIGHT raised it. To some extent these considerations trench upon the question of expediency, which we have purposely postponed, but they do seem to place beyond all doubt the justice of a code of laws designed to secure to inventors a share in the benefits which the human race may derive from their genius and their experiments.

It has been said, with a flimsy approach to philosophy, that a distinction must be drawn between property in things and property in ideas. The product of thought, it is maintained, is the common heritage of the world, and is not to be trammelled by individual rights like those which all nations recognise in the more substantial subjects of ownership. Even copyright is not strictly analogous to patent right, because the author of a book is not entitled to forbid the world to borrow his ideas, though he may prevent the republication of his work or the issue of a merely colourable imitation. But these distinctions do not touch the justice of the inventor's claim. Why do we allow copyright at all, except on the ground that the man who benefits the world by a useful publication is deserving of the recompence which a temporary monopoly may give him? The broad principle applies as much to an inventor as to an author; and if the Patent laws ought, as has often been suggested, to be swept away, the sentence must rest not on any false analogy to monopolies of a different kind, nor on any considerations of abstract justice, but simply on the ground that it is impracticable to give inventors their due without hampering the progress of society and condemning hundreds of ingenious men to a life of perpetual disappointment and distress. It is quite possible that a high expediency may justify the disregard of inventors' claims, and there is undoubtedly much in the history of invention which may bequeathed in favour of the total abolition of patent privileges. Where there is one WHEATSTONE, there are scores of less prosperous inventors who may lay a life of misery to the account of the temptations held out by the Patent laws. Then the cases are numerous enough where some trivial patent may prove an insurmountable obstacle to improvements of the most important kind. Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, no doubt from personal experience, testifies to the extreme embarrassment which former patents occasioned to a manufacturer engaged in perfecting any mechanical process or improving any branch of manufacture. Almost every new suggestion which occurs to him is found to be hedged round by the private fence of some earlier inventor, who may have made no more use of his idea than to prevent its use by others, and to levy a tax upon their practical activity. The remedy which he suggests—namely, to restrict the privileges of a patent to those inventions which are brought into working order—would strike at the root of the whole system. The man who happens to be in a position to bring into practical use any invention which he may make, will obtain perhaps an adequate remuneration without the grant of any monopoly; but the leading idea of the Patent laws is to secure to inventors who have no means of developing their discoveries a share in the profits which would otherwise be monopolized by manufacturers who might appropriate to themselves the use of inventions which they could never have hit upon themselves. In other words, the object of such legislation has been to displace the monopoly of wealth by the monopoly of genius and merit. Still it is probable that, as a class, discoverers are more injured than benefited by the hopes held out to them of creating convertible property out of the labours of their own brains. One grows rich, and

a score are ruined; and if the decision were to turn solely upon the interests of inventors, it might not unreasonably be thought expedient to sacrifice the rights of the few who are likely to make the calling of an inventor pay, out of compassion for the many who are certain to be tempted to a life of delusive expectations.

But there is a broader consideration which must outweigh every other. The main defence of the patent laws does not rest so much on the abstract right of inventors as on the paramount interest of the whole community in encouraging the inventive faculty. If copyrights were abolished, thousands of works of various degrees of merit, which annually appear, would never be composed, or at any rate would never be given to the world. Ardent apostles of science and philosophy who might happen to be in easy circumstances, would feed the press with scanty communications, but the great proportion of modern books, and perhaps not always the worst in quality, are published mainly with a view to profit, and would never appear at all if they were forthwith to become the common property of all mankind. Patent rights, it is said, create inventions, just as copyright creates literary compositions, and the consequent gain to society may, in the one case, as in the other, more than compensate the undoubted inconvenience of a temporary monopoly. Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG has naturally had his attention called to one side only of the question, and while he feels how existing patents impede his own efforts in perfecting the manufacture under his charge, he seems scarcely to appreciate the value of the ideas which he claims the right to use as freely as if he had been the first to suggest them. The real danger of a repeal of the Patent-laws would be that some useful discoveries might be postponed for years, or perhaps never made at all, but for the golden promise which the law holds out to all inventors. Whether the advantages thus gained by society are a sufficient set-off against the inconveniences which accompany them, it is not easy to decide; but until this is clearly settled in the negative, the true policy must be to lean to the side of justice, and not to exclude any inventor from his natural rights until an overwhelming case of national expediency has been established against them.

GERMAN AMUSEMENTS.

TRAVELLER after traveller has described how easily the Germans amuse themselves, and has painted, with contempt or admiration, the happy air of the leisurely groups that pass the long hours of a summer day in beer-gardens or dancing-halls. If the amusements of the Germans are amusements at all, it must be confessed that they are good of their kind. With the exception of their execrable cigars, they have everything they want of a very excellent sort. When they listen to music, they listen to the best bands science and art can turn out—when they dance, they generally secure large rooms and a slippery floor—when they go to the theatre, they see good acting. They sit in well-ordered and often magnificent houses, and rest their limbs on seats that are as comfortable as they are cheap. Many of these amusements are intensely slow to English people. Let any one try, and honestly state his feelings after he has passed the third hour of the third evening at a beer-garden, and he will acknowledge that he feels a peculiar and utter sensation of weariness which is unknown except on the Continent. But no one can doubt that the Germans are thoroughly happy. This is shown not only by their air of gentle content, but by the extraordinary importance which they attach in common conversation to what we should think the most insignificant occurrences. Such an event as a brewery giving its grand yearly festival, or new cellars being inaugurated by a treat to the workmen, is discussed with the strangest outpourings of triumph, pleasure, and pride. Long practice, too, or hereditary taste enables the Germans to take more of these pleasures than English people can do. We speak of a German spending seven or eight hours a day in smoking and drinking as a curious trait of character, as an odd national custom, as a habit of an animal different to ourselves; but why on earth does not all this beer and smoking make Germans bilious? A German considers that, on busy days, he must limit himself to about twelve or fourteen cigars, while on holidays he takes from twenty to twenty-five. Brewers alone could calculate how much beer would be in proportion. We should like to know why this does not make Germans ill, particularly as they take no exercise except a little swimming. However that may be, the fact remains. The Germans can go on with their amusements, and find a continual relish in them. No wonder that this provokes the investigation of foreigners. Surely a people that can get so much amusement must be happy, and have much to teach the rest of the world in the art of living. That the Germans are very happy is not impossible. They really, we are inclined to think, have a large share of placid content, and strike a happy balance between a morbid appetite for excitement and complete stagnation. But

when we begin to fancy they may read a lesson to their neighbours, we must look a little further into the matter; and we shall then find that the German mind is divided on the head of amusements from the French and English by a chasm which cannot be bridged over.

At first we do not understand what is meant by people having no wish for excitement. We see the bad side of excitement, and know all the sin and misery to which it leads. When we hear of amusement without excitement, we think that this would be the very thing for us. We feel like a person who, after a season of venison and turtle, craves for plain food and mountain fare. By plain food, however, he means good meat and bread, and good cooking. If he comes to real mountain fare—to sour black bread and curdled milk—he cannot touch it. It is not that he wishes to be dainty, but the difference between such fare and that which he has been accustomed to is overpowering. So it is with amusements. We can fancy simple amusements; we do not wish for anything feverish, or fast, or exaggerated; we are willing to content ourselves with innocent and unpretending pleasures. But the German extreme—the utter absence of excitement which that happy nation can endure—is beyond us. Perhaps theatricals furnish the best example. The pieces that will go down in Germany are inconceivable. How any human beings should think it pleasant to behold them than to be in bed, surpasses our comprehension. We are not speaking of obscure theatres, or small towns, or unsuccessful pieces. At Munich, where there is one of the largest and best theatres in Germany, a piece has lately been played, called *Die Grille*. It has been much admired, and draws capital houses. On the play-bill it is offered as a "Picture of Character," and the public evidently accepts it as a very creditable and philosophical creation. Now, this play has one very remarkable feature in it. It is in five acts, and the acts are of a very considerable length, but nothing whatever happens. We know at once that no reasoning, no wish to do itself credit, no anxiety for a new development of art, could possibly induce an English or French audience to sit through five acts of a play without any incidents. What takes the place of incidents is the one thing that to the spectators of Western Europe is most utterly repulsive. The substitute is a succession of dialogues between two persons describing their feelings. There is a girl who describes her feelings, and an old couple who describe theirs, and two brothers who describe theirs. Many of our readers will remember the dreadful passages that cast a gloom over Sheridan's *Rivals*, in which Julia and Falkland exchange the statements of their mental troubles. If all the *Rivals* had been like these passages—if Julia and Falkland had talked for five acts—then there would have been a play not unlike *Die Grille*. It is not a question of goodness or badness, of taste cultivated in a wrong or a right direction, when such a play is liked or not liked. In England such a play would be impossible. In Germany it is not only possible but popular, and admired. The difference is too radical to admit of the one nation learning from the other.

There are other features, too, in the public amusements of Germany which make us feel how far we are apart from them. A familiarity and an easy sociable understanding binds together those who amuse and those who are amused. As in the games of children, the players and spectators are still one group. When a German player or singer has done his or her part, the audience testify their approbation by repeatedly asking to see the performer. In every theatre players are called for, and approval is shown by shouting when they come. But in Germany it is done in a different way. The audience do not much care about scenic proprieties so long as they and their favourites have a prolonged friendly meeting. At a summer theatre in a small German town, for example, a pretty actress sang a little song that captivated her friends in the pit and boxes. She was called for again and again. So long did this last that the theatrical arrangements began to proceed without reference to her ovation. The clouds began to disappear. Next, the cottage in front of which she sang went away on the shoulders of an able-bodied porter; and then the attendants got emboldened, and placidly prepared a banquet for the next scene under her nose. The audience did not at all mind. They and the young lady were all at home, and there were no strangers to make a fuss. So strong is this union between the audience and the stage, that the actors themselves behave like a second audience when the performance of any one of their number especially delights them. This may be seen in places that might have been supposed to be too grand for such artless exhibitions. In Vienna, and at the principal theatre, a comic opera was lately given, in which the leading buffo fairly finished off his comrades. The prima donna broke down without shame or disguise, and hopped away behind his back to have her laugh out. The chorus was equally amused, and at one moment the funny man was literally in possession of the whole house, and separated a laughing audience before him from a laughing audience behind him. This may show that the Viennese are very happy, and are easily amused, and people who behave in a more reserved and decorous way may really have to regret their supposed superiority. But at any rate this degree of artlessness in amusement is unattainable for us. We cannot play our games in this way, and are fettered by our traditions of superiority.

It is much the same in literature. Germans write novels in abundance, but their novels are almost unintelligible to us. Perhaps the only recent German novel known in England is *Debit and Credit*. This was considered a wonderfully good novel

in Germany, and this speaks volumes. Its merit consisted in not being utterly vapid. It described, in a faint way, scenery, characters, and habits that were not utterly trite. It was therefore endurable, and for a German novel to be endurable is to be famous. Generally, German novels have, according to our ideas, nothing whatever in them. If Mrs. Hannah More had grown rather less moral in her old age, she might have written them all. And yet this is in the country of Goethe, of Wieland, of Tieck, and of many other writers of imagination. This is the most astonishing thing about Germany, that its great writers and its ordinary writers are so very widely apart. Out of this harmless, innocent people, with its beer and tobacco, its theatrical pictures of character, and its sociable audiences, have arisen great men and writers. They have shown, in the midst of their greatness, that they were Germans, and the leading features of the German mind may be clearly traced even in the peculiar and original creations of Goethe. But this higher literature of Germany seems to have been a lucky accident in the history of the nation. The race of considerable writers has faded out of Germany with the most astonishing rapidity. Nor has the influence of these writers left the impress we might have expected on the national mind. If we are not to mince matters, we may say that the prevailing characteristic of all Germans, except the very best, is that of a placid and gentle mediocrity. At Berlin, in the circles of the better Courts, in the best society of the best minor towns, there is undoubtedly abundance not only of intelligence, but of vigour of intellect. But the run of the nation is, we venture to think, essentially second-rate. In the width of separation which, with regard to intellectual cultivation and freedom, divides the great from the ordinary minds of the nation, Scotland presents a tolerably close parallel to Germany. But no one would think of calling the bulk of the Scotch nation second-rate. There is a vital force, a self-dependence, and a thoroughness in the people that commands our respect in the midst of all their aberrations. But in Germany no one who studies the groups in the beer-gardens, or watches them in a theatre, or reads the books written for them, can find traces of force. There is, indeed, no visible feebleness—there is no timidity or shamefacedness. The people dare to be happy in their own way, and would not resign their way of being happy without an intense and protracted struggle; but energy and the love of energy seem elements that never entered into their composition.

It seems a simple and humble conclusion to say that, where nations are constituted so differently, where society has long moved in such different tracks, and where the interests of daily life are so dissimilar, the amusements of the people cannot be the same. But most Englishmen will be ready to confess that it is only slowly that this conclusion is brought home to them. It is not apparent without reflection and experience that the antidote to a pernicious excitement does not lie in childish pleasures. In the midst of a complex combination we long for something simple, as the French philosophers of the last century longed for the ideal savage and his ideal virtues. Gradually we discover, as the philosophers or their successors discovered, that these cannot be. The amusements of the Germans are as impossible in London as the philosophical savage was in Paris. Our amusements may be simplified, but the simplicity will be the simplicity of a higher refinement, and not that of a contented and puerile mediocrity.

THE SURGEONS AND THE HORSE GUARDS.

IT can hardly be regarded as an item of news that the Horse Guards are in trouble again with the army surgeons. It is part of the standing routine of the Adjutant-General's Office. It is a natural ebullition of the feelings of the distinguished men who have risen to the government of the army purely in consequence of their military merits. Nothing is so painful to these lofty spirits as their forced association with those souls of clay. A mediæval knight could not have looked with more utter contempt upon the plebeian leech to whose handling he was forced to resign his high-born body, than does the soldier of the old school upon the peaceful representative of science and intellect with whom the necessities of his mortal frame compel him to consort. The soldier of the old school has happily disappeared from most regimental messes, so that the army surgeons have comparatively little to complain of in the treatment they meet with from their equals; but he lingers still in positions of authority. Thanks to that same sort of mysterious invulnerability which keeps the Admiralty still erect upon a soil strewn with the wrecks of kindred abuses, and which in former days would assuredly have been attributed to a sinister origin, the old soldier in high places defies the march of intellect, and the assaults of reformers, and the scarcely veiled impatience of the War Office. Occasionally he must bend. The better part of valour counsels him not to oppose himself to such movements as that which has given birth to the Volunteers, and even for decency's sake to take a few strokes with the stream of opinion. But he indemnifies himself by jobbing all the more industriously for those he loves, and teasing all the more pertinaciously those whom he detests. Unfortunately for themselves, the medical part of the military profession happen to be in the list of the proscribed. Which particular old soldier it is whose celestial mind is agitated with such passions, it is of course impossible to say; but the result of his aversions is that no opportunity is lost to make the position of army surgeons as degrading, and their profession as odious to them, as official ingenuity can contrive.

The last time we had occasion to draw attention to the unfortunate policy which is making the service distasteful to medical officers, the Indian surgeons were the victims, and the subject-matter of the dispute was pay. This time the surgeons of the whole army are involved, and the question at issue is military rank. The minute points which were discussed by the deputation of surgeons that waited upon Sir George Lewis a short time ago we may pass by. We could not recapitulate them without plunging into professional details which would be unintelligible to the majority of our readers. But the gist of the case is this. A Royal Warrant was issued in 1858, fixing, on a tolerably equitable scale, the rank and precedence of army surgeons relatively to other officers. To this Royal Warrant the surgeons cling as to their charter. It has been accepted as a guarantee of the position they are to hold, both by those who were in the army at the time, and by those who have entered it since. They have shaped their own course upon the faith that an instrument of so solemn a character could never be evaded or forgotten. Their complaint is that their confidence has deceived them. They find by experience that, to be safe, you must have, not only a just law, but just interpreters of the law. The military authorities have shown of what use the dead letter of the law is in tying the hands of a reluctant judge. Since the issue of the warrant they have let slip no opportunity of creeping out of the obnoxious pledge which they could not decorously recall. An aptitude for special pleading, which should have been alien to men of the sword, has enabled them to pare down the guaranteed privileges to the finest possible edge, and to throw the body of army surgeons into a state of furious discontent. So widespread is the disgust that, if the deputation are to be believed, "the Professors at the various Colleges and schools throughout the kingdom are now preventing the best men from entering the service."

The mass of Englishmen feel no great instinctive sympathy with a wrangle about rank. When the Mayors throughout England asked, this year, for a statute to declare their relative precedence, the only difficulty that was found in passing the Bill through Parliament consisted in the ridicule it excited. But in the army, rank is something real. It is not merely a handle to a man's name, or the privilege of walking first through an open doorway. It has a genuine significance, because it exists in the midst of a community who believe in it. The respect and deference of the private soldier is measured by military rank; and upon their respect and deference much of both the surgeon's comfort and efficiency depends. There is nothing the common people take so much delight in affronting as uncertain, half-acknowledged rank of any kind. A person who clings by some doubtful tie to the class above his own, and who is therefore in the position of claiming a higher social position than the class to which he aspires will admit, is the object of their special antipathy. A hybrid officer whose equality is repudiated by those whom he claims for equals has not much chance of being respected by the men. They will look at him with much the feelings which the Irish peasantry entertain to the squireen, or the servants' hall to the governess. That such a state of things, or a state of things progressing to that result, should be intolerable to sensitive men is easy to understand, and they can hardly be blamed for regarding the policy that has brought it about as a studied insult. Indeed, some of the recent acts of the "authorities" have furnished a commentary on that policy which leaves it open to no other explanation. It appears actually to have been resolved at the Horse Guards that medical officers should never, under any circumstances, receive honourable recognition of gallantry in the field, however great that gallantry may have been, and however strong the recommendation of their commanding officers. Strictly speaking, they are of course non-combatant, and are, in theory, not exposed to danger. But the emergencies of war do not always respect these nice distinctions. As a matter of fact, surgeons are very much exposed in the field; and it not unfrequently falls to a surgeon's lot to find himself in a position in which he must act and suffer as a combatant. There were surgeons who distinguished themselves both in China and the Crimea; and in the earlier part of the Indian mutiny the number killed was actually greater in proportion than that of the other officers. But the Horse Guards have adopted a rule that such sacrifices or risks, which they could not as men of honour shrink from, shall not be recognised by their superiors. They are treated as beings of muddier blood and lower organization, in connexion with whom the idea of honourable distinction is absurd. According to the Pundits of the Horse Guards, to decorate officers and surgeons with the same honours would be a profanation almost as outrageous as to feed a Brahmin and a Sudra at the same table.

We do not care to discuss whether the surgeons are right, from a high philosophical point of view, in attaching this importance to these questions of honour. From Bayard to Sir John Falstaff, different men have formed different estimates of the value of honour. But the view which the surgeons take has at all events this recommendation, that it is the one which their superiors have for generations encouraged them to hold. A value for honours and distinctions, which to civilians often seems superstitious, is the motive power by which the military mechanism is worked. Officers are attracted to the service, retained in it, and induced to devote their lives and energies to its thankless duties, by the offer of prizes to which nothing but an intense sentiment of honour could give a value. If the army de-

pendent on the merely mercantile considerations which it offers, no men would probably be found to fill its ranks, and certainly no officers to lead them or surgeons to take care of them. The pay is miserably poor. The coin in which the Government make up its deficiencies, and which saves them from the necessity of heavier Army Estimates, consists of honours, rank, distinction, consideration. They must not complain if this coin, which enables them cheaply to buy services so valuable, should be the object of keen rivalry, and its distribution should be viewed with jealous and sensitive vigilance. The real point which the public have to consider is whether the Horse Guards are not sacrificing to some wretched pipeclay prejudice, some pedantic punctilio of military orthodoxy, the efficiency of a very important department of the service. To the public, the sentiment on either side is of small account. Public opinion cannot interfere merely to procure redress for the wounds which the self-respect of this or that public servant may receive. Neither can it take notice of the strange confusion of ideas which must prevail at the Horse Guards, when the professors of the art of healing are accounted of so meanly in comparison to the professors of the art of killing. It is only when the public service suffers from these vagaries that the despised common sense of civilians is called upon to interpose. If it be true that military prejudices are driving from the army medical skill which would be otherwise available, something of the external pressure to which, happily, heroes when in office are not insensible, must be brought to bear on the military authorities. We have no margin to encroach upon in this respect. The treatment to which we subject our medical officers, and the consequent condition of the medical service, brings us anything but honour in the eyes of those who know the state of Continental armies. Our service is said to be, in this respect, very nearly the worst in Europe. Is it credible that the sanitary abuses which have been recently discussed, and scarcely yet remedied, would have ever come into being if the medical officers had enjoyed the consideration and the influence to which they are entitled? Those who know the difference between the hospitals and the barracks of six years ago, know the difference between cleanliness as it is understood by the profession, and cleanliness as defined at the Horse Guards. The fearful loss of life which these abuses are estimated to have caused is sufficiently well known. There is no economy more wasteful, no prejudice more pernicious, than that which denies to the soldier the benefit of the best medical care that can be obtained for him. It is quite clear that, if such energy is shown as has been displayed during the last three years in making the service unpopular, we shall have to content ourselves with such medical skill as can be obtained from the style of men who have no constitutional objection to insult and humiliation. We are at liberty to choose between the gratification of the traditional punctilios of the Horse Guards and the health of the army; but it is necessary to remember that we cannot enjoy both luxuries at once.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

THE *Times* has taken the opportunity of the visit of the King of Sweden and Norway to England to give the world a little account of His Majesty's family and of one of His Majesty's Kingdoms. The point of view from which the *Times* regards both is curious. Its whole way of looking at them is dynastic. The *Times* sees in King Charles the grandson of a very remarkable man, who came to a throne in a very remarkable way. That he is the Sovereign of two very remarkable nations—or, indeed, that he is the Sovereign of two nations at all—is an idea which does not seem to have crossed the brain of the writer. That Charles XV. King of Sweden, is also Charles IV. King of Norway, reigning, by two quite different titles, over two quite independent nations, with two quite different forms of Government, would apparently be as unexpected a piece of news in Printing House-square as it was a few weeks back that there was no longer a Republic of Cracow. We cannot help thinking that the same writer who has so often mauled Hannibal and Charles the Great has been trying his hand on a later Charles. Surely nobody else would describe the person who was elected Crown Prince of Sweden in 1810 as "Charles John Bernadotte, Prince of Pontecorvo." We beg to inform the *Times* that though there was a Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway, there never was a Charles John Bernadotte, Prince of Pontecorvo. The little Gaseon who was born in 1764 was baptized by the names of Jean-Baptiste Jules, and he did not grow into Carl Johan till he changed alike his creed, his country, and his family, becoming at once Crown Prince of Sweden and adopted son of King Charles XIII. It is the custom now-a-days to mock at "petty States;" and, when viewed from the lofty regions of Olympian infallibility, Sweden probably seems very petty indeed, and Norway so exquisitely petty as to become altogether invisible. The *Times* is clearly unconscious that Norway—except, perhaps, as a mere title—exists at all, or that any body can possibly care about Sweden as Sweden. Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII., Charles XIV., were all men of importance in the general world of Europe. Charles XIV. came to the throne in an unusual way, so that his grandson is worth looking at for the sake of his grandfather. This is literally all that the paper which claims to be the special representative of English sentiments and English intellect

can see in the constitutional King of two nations of essentially the same blood and speech as ourselves.

We are not inclined to argue over again the character either of the election or the policy of King Charles XIV. Mr. Laing's view differs a good deal from that of the *Times*, and we do not wonder at it. The *Times* looks at Charles John as a Prince who had a hand in the upsetting of the first Napoleon. Mr. Laing looks at him mainly as a Prince who did what he could—happily not much—to upset the Constitution of Norway. We dare say this last is a very petty, narrow, "provincial" view; but it is a view which a Norwegian might be forgiven for taking; and Mr. Laing, by long residence and sympathy, is almost entitled to count as a Norwegian. To the *Times*, which never heard of Norway, such a line of argument would of course be inexplicable. We confess that we can quite forget the grandson of Charles XIV. or the successor of Charles XII. in the King of Sweden and Norway. Whoever and whatever his grandfather was, the present King Charles is the undisputed chief of two kingdoms in whose well-being every Englishman, and every lover of free government everywhere, is most deeply interested. It matters very little whether the acknowledged Sovereign alike of Sweden and of Norway is a legitimate Vasa or an intruding Bernadotte. He may fairly claim to be received with some higher feelings than either blind reverence in the one character or stupid curiosity in the other. We only hope that King Charles has not been spoiled by the bad company which he was keeping just before he came here. Such odd things happen now-a-days that Imperial necessities may possibly demand an island in the Northern as well as the Southern Mediterranean. There was a time when the Baltic washed the shores of the French Empire, and when Lubeck was as irrevocably annexed as Nizza. Unless it is to be bought at such a price as this, we might be inclined to wish King Charles yet a third crown. We cannot answer for ten thousand dynastic claims, Imperial, Royal, Ducal, and what not. But in the interests of Scandinavia and of Europe, nothing would seem simpler than for the King of Sweden and Norway to be adopted as heir to the childless King of Denmark, and for the three Scandinavian Kingdoms, united as one federal monarchy from the North Cape to the Eyder, to take a far higher position than they have latterly done in the general politics of Europe.

The two kingdoms which, to the *Times*, seem so small beside their king, or their king's grandfather, are among those parts of Europe which have most claims upon our attention, both ethnologically and politically. It is probable that many of the Scandinavian settlers even in England, who are confused under the general name of Danes, may have come, not from Denmark, but from Norway. It is certain that Norwegian settlements and Norwegian influences have had a most powerful effect upon both the islands and the mainland of Scotland. In no part of Europe can Teutonic blood be so pure. England, Holland, Germany, even Denmark, have all been far more exposed to foreign influences. And if there be any truth in ethnological theories, if the true Teutonic blood has any real political virtue, we can certainly see its effects in the Scandinavian history of the present century. Norway and Sweden rank among the very few Continental States whose Constitutions do not date from 1848. Christiania, Stockholm, Copenhagen, rank among the few Continental capitals which passed without disturbance through the year of revolutions. Sweden has almost the only ancient Constitution which still survives in practical use; Norway has almost the only modern Constitution which has proved itself a working reality and not a mere scheme on paper. The willing union of the two kingdoms under one king has solved one of the most delicate and difficult of problems. Their existence, side by side, as foreign, possibly hostile Powers, was clearly not desirable. Their fusion into a single kingdom would have been less desirable still. At the time when the union took place, such a fusion would have simply meant the sacrifice not only of the national independence but of the political freedom of Norway. Two kingdoms having nothing in common but a hereditary king, with an utterly different state of things, social and political, in each, might have seemed a theoretical impossibility. But facts sometimes triumph over theories. A union on these terms was what the necessities of fifty years back imperatively required, and the experience of those fifty years has shown that, whatever theories may say, it has worked well as a matter of fact.

We fancy that most people do not at all realize the perfect independence on one another of the two kingdoms which form the inheritance of Charles XV. Norway was ceded to Sweden as a compensation for the loss of Finland; therefore Norway is thought to be either an integral part of Sweden or else a Swedish dependency. In truth Norway is neither one nor the other. The Powers of Europe, in their wisdom, decreed that Denmark should surrender Norway to Sweden. Denmark obeyed, but the people of Norway did not. They asserted their own independence, drew up a Constitution, and elected a king of the Royal House of Denmark. The resistance of Norway to the union was pressed just as far as was desirable. Had the war gone on, Norway would doubtless have been conquered, but it would have been conquered only after a wasting struggle, and annexed as a discontented dependency, a northern Lombardy or Hungary. As it was, both sides shrunk from extremities. Norway agreed to accept the same sovereign as Sweden, and the Swedish King agreed to accept the crown of Norway as an independent crown and to preserve to the nation the Constitution which it had just framed. Thus did Charles John

become Crown Prince of Norway as well as of Sweden, and in due time succeeded to both the crowns of his adopted father.

The Norwegian Constitution is a phenomenon absolutely without a parallel. Up to 1814 Norway had been under the absolute sway of the Kings of Denmark. Suddenly finding herself without a Government, she framed a constitution the most democratic of any that ever recognised a hereditary king. So great a change, effected without violence or disturbance of any kind, is at least as wonderful as the career of Bernadotte. The permanence of this Constitution, the undiminished attachment to it of the Norwegian people, is at least as worthy of notice as the permanency of Bernadotte's dynasty. The Constitution of Sweden is as great a phenomenon in another way. Nobody can deny that it is a very bad Constitution, but it is a living, working, historical Constitution, which needs only a very searching Reform Bill, not a revolution and a Constituent Assembly. Of King Charles's two kingdoms, one may be roughly called a democracy, and the other an aristocracy. One has a single Chamber, the other has four. Norway elects its one House of Commons, which chooses a *quasi* House of Lords from among its own body. Sweden carries the mediæval theory of Estates to the extreme point, having co-ordinate houses of nobles, clergy, citizens, and peasants. Yet with this elaborate division, exhaustive doubtless when first established, large bodies of Swedish subjects remain disfranchised. The younger branches of noble houses, landowners between the ranks of noble and peasant, and the professional, as distinguished from the commercial classes, find no place in any one of the four Swedish orders. The only exception is the strange one that the head of a noble family may send one of his cadets to sit and vote for him in the House of Lords. Here, it may be said, is plenty to reform, and so there doubtless is. The Swedish Constitution has often been altered, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse, sometimes by legal, sometimes by illegal means. Still Sweden has a Constitution which may be improved. She has a legal and historical basis to start from, and has no occasion to fall back either on the Rights of Man or on the Divine Right of Kings.

The chief of two such nations, whoever he be in himself, may fairly be the object of a higher interest than he can excite as the grandson of a fortunate soldier who came to a crown in an odd way. But one point we confess to have forgotten. The *Times* solemnly introduces King Charles as "King of Sweden and Norway, of the Goths and of the Wends." Norway, the Goths, and the Wends are then dismissed; and the historical explanation is confined wholly to Sweden. We cannot help asking a question or two about these same "Goths and Wends." We commend the rigid precision of the *Times*. The title is commonly given "Goths and Vandals." We congratulate the *Times* on knowing that the "Vandals" meant really are the Wends; but we desire to know whether the *Times* thinks that the crown of Norway and the crown of the Wends are equally mythical. Or does it think that Charles XV. really has a Wendish kingdom somewhere or other? The *Times*' notions of political geography are often very odd; and as it is necessary to explain that Norway really exists, and is an independent kingdom, so it may be no less necessary to explain that the title of King of the Wends, Vandals, or whatever they are, is purely chimerical, and that, since the cession of Pomerania, Sweden has had no Wendish or Vandal subjects at all. King Charles, the *Times* goes on to tell us, "proclaims, by his very titles, the antiquity of his throne"—which throne—Swedish, Norwegian, Gothic, or Wendish—we are not told. We should not be surprised if the *Times* thinks that King Charles, as King of the Goths, is King also of all those Saracens and Jesuits who, out of their dislike to the light of day, built their windows so needlessly wide and lofty.

Finally, we have to ask what it was that Sir John Moore "demonstrated" when he went to Gottenburg. The Swedes were defending themselves against Russia; "England too declared in their favour, and Sir John Moore was sent to Gottenburg with 10,000 men. There was little, however, to be effected *beyond the demonstration*." Sir John was recalled; had he stayed, perhaps the "demonstration" might have grown into an "ovation." These Imperialisms are quite beyond us plain people; but Sir John Moore's "demonstration" is a trifle compared with the Napoleonic sublimity of the next day's article, where we learn that the new war in New Zealand is "a complication," "ostensibly unconnected with agrarian questions or tribal rights." We feel quite abashed before so many long words, and still crave to know the exact meaning of a "complication." We must even get out of the way, like the lesser poet in the *Frogs*, lest we be trodden under foot beneath the heavy cavalry of language—beneath those *ἰσχυρὰ ἱπποδάμωνα* and *ἱππολόφων λόγων κορυβαίονα νίκη* with which the two great oracles of the world rejoice to overwhelm and mystify the minds of common men like ourselves.

THE UNJUST STEWARD.

THE *Footman's Directory*—an old authority, we believe, of the servants' hall—relates a story for the warning of such masters and mistresses as may be disposed to a too careful surveillance in matters of household economy. It tells "how an ill-advised gentleman, in Albion-place, went a marketing for himself, and dropped down dead when the butcher asked him ninepence a pound for a shoulder of mutton." If the probable authorship of the *Directory* be taken into consideration, the dis-

interestedness of the caution may be somewhat questionable; but whatever the motive, the moral is now somewhat superfluous. The interests of the servants' hall no longer require protection from the interference of the master and mistress. The superintendence of the family tradesman and his wares is, in general, confided as implicitly to the butler and housekeeper as the author of the *Directory* could wish. Such, at least, is the case in London, and perhaps necessarily so, when the main business of "the season" is attended with such increasing difficulties as to engross the undivided attention of mothers and daughters. On the Matrimonial Exchange, times, we are informed, are harder than ever—marriageable daughters are more numerous and elder sons shyer than of yore. No wonder, then, that of the three Apostolic monitions to the fair sex—*ἡμεῖς τεκνογονεῖν* 'αὐκοδοσποιεῖν—the first alone should be kept in view in their modern fashionable training, and form the one engrossing object of a London life—that the obligations arising from the second contingency should devolve upon the nurse and governess, and that the duties of the last should become the affair of those who occupy "the room" below stairs. A very practical, though indirect, comment on the latter delegation of responsibility has been lately furnished by an advertisement in the *Times*, which, though prefaced as "important to butlers and housekeepers," we venture to think is not less so to masters and mistresses. To the former class "a liberal commission is offered on an article of general consumption," the nature of which, together with further particulars, may be learned on addressing a letter (prepaid) to P. Q. Having communicated with that individual, we are in a position to announce that the article referred to is coal—that the "commission" offered to the butler or housekeeper who succeeds in introducing it to the family consumption varies from one to two shillings per ton—and that P. Q. is either the agent of a Coal Company or himself the enterprising "Co.," who adopts this plan of extending the sale of his wares.

The method is probably singular in one respect only—that of the notoriety which is given to it by advertisement. Whether this is attributable to the honesty or effrontery of the advertiser is a doubt of which we are willing to give him the benefit. It may fairly be presumed that his commercial morality is not materially different from that of the average of his competitors in trade. His frankness will be best repaid by devoting some little consideration to his proposal and the consequences it involves—he himself having invited criticism to a matter on which he has conferred a somewhat exceptional publicity. His peculiar adaptation of the commission system to the Servants' Hall dates very far back, though it has remained for our modern domestic policy to give full scope to its operation. A somewhat similar transaction is, if our memory serves us, recorded in an old story of a certain "unjust steward;" indeed his mode of dealing, which by the way is commended as wise, is very much on all fours with that advocated by P. Q. Allowing for a slight variation in the circumstances, the two transactions are identical in principle. In the one case, the steward, "for a consideration," allows his master's debtor to "take his bill and write down fifty," where a hundred is actually due; in the other, the master's creditor is suffered to charge twenty-four shillings for that which, minus the "consideration," is worth no more than twenty-two. The effect differs not in kind but in degree, as the fraud on the master's pocket may be either wholesale or retail. It is little material to the character of the plan whether its proposal is made to, or comes from, the Steward, or whether it is strictly confidential, or submitted to an entire class by advertisement in the *Times*. However, to brand him as unjust would be now regarded as uncharitable, if not actually libellous. The morality of trade and the Servants' Hall is more lenient in the nineteenth century than it was in the first, and would not only commend the wisdom, but probably uphold the justice of the transaction. P. Q. would doubtless urge that the commission system generally is fully recognised by the trade and the public—that the customer as necessarily and fairly pays for the services of those engaged in the sale as in the manufacture of the article—that whether the salesman be paid by salary or by commission is simply a matter of arrangement between himself and his employer—that the freedom of trade demands freedom in the choice of agents, and that the percentage offered in the present cases is, after all, no more (perhaps even less) than that which would otherwise pass from the customer's pocket into that of an ordinary clerk or commission agent. A defence of this kind of transaction is pretty sure to commence with a platitude and to end with a fallacy. Granting that commission is but another name for wages, we have the strongest objection to P. Q. or his fellows paying wages to those already engaged in our service. Where, between employers, there exist the antagonistic relations of buyer and seller, the objection that "no man can serve two masters" is an *a fortiori* one. That the arrangement is kept secret from one employer adds force to the evil. The shop-assistant and commercial traveller are the avowed agents of the seller; and the maxim *Caveat emptor* applies as patently to their representations as to those of their principal. We take them for just what they are worth with the knowledge of the fact. We exert our independent judgment much in proportion to the skill displayed by the puffer. We know that he is such, and is paid for being so; and forewarned, we are forearmed. But it is impossible thus to guard against being duped by the representations of our own *employés*, retained against us by secret-service money. In a large establishment, its amount may easily exceed

the legitimate wages of service. To take the case before us—in households such as might be numbered by hundreds in London and its suburbs, eighty tons of coal is no unusual annual consumption. On this estimate, a commission of two shillings per ton represents an annual retainer of eight pounds sterling from the coal-merchant alone. But the coal-merchant is only one of many. The butcher, the baker, the grocer—in fact, the entire body of tradesmen connected with the family—contribute to swell the list of clients. We have heard of an instance in which his Lordship himself was mistaken for his Lordship's butler by the inexperienced clerk of the family wine-merchant, and presented with a handsome *douceur* on the settlement of a heavy wine-bill—a *douceur* which the noble customer is said to have quietly pocketed, together with the experience acquired with it.

The evil is one which, from its very nature, can hardly be confined to exceptional cases. Even were tradesmen in the main adverse to the payment of servants, trade competition ensures the spread of the system under penalties such as few can afford to brave. Black mail or loss of custom is the alternative. The power of the keys, wielded by him who has the control of the coal and wine cellar, is assuredly no light one. She too who is mistress of the saucepan and spit is equally so of the good fame of the butcher and greengrocer. Bad cookery easily simulates inferior quality, and what so easy as bad cookery? The tradesman who would imitate Joseph in his integrity is likely also to resemble him in his fate, if he omits to cultivate the good graces of the housekeeper—the modern mistress of Potiphar's household. After all, the injury to the master's pocket is the least important part of the question. Appearances must necessarily be kept up in the weekly books, and to that end prices must be kept down within reasonably moderate figures. Moderate figures, under the circumstances, can only represent scant measure, inferior quality, or actual adulteration of the article supplied. No Government staff of analysts, no public prosecutor of dealers in short weights, can check these symptoms of a far more subtle evil.

By the ancient policy of the *Manx* law, to take away an ox or an ass was no felony, but a trespass, "because of the difficulty in that little territory to conceal or carry them off." Blackstone, from whom we quote, commends the principle as a sensible one, which would, in some degree, proportion punishment to the facility given for the commission of the offence against which it is directed. It might be well to remember it in the present case, where the laxity of domestic surveillance and the increasing competition of trade have supplied alike the opportunity and motive for tampering with our servants. We have lately adopted very stringent measures against bribery and corruption in other quarters. It is, perhaps, expedient that the seducer of the too easy virtue of a borough should do weary penance for his fault, and that the bare attempt to corrupt a judge should be a high misdemeanour. But, on the whole, butlers are as frail, and far more numerous than judges; and there are perhaps greater facilities for bribery and corruption in the Servants' Hall than in Westminster or Wakefield. We would fence the integrity of the former with some of the jealous care with which we have watched over the latter. The advertisement of P. Q. is simply an overt act of social bribery and corruption—its relation to the public offence is that of petty to high treason. On the Ciceronian principle, his measure of punishment should be even heavier than that which would await him were he, in the case of a disputed coal bill, to offer the Judge ten per cent. on the amount sought to be recovered. "*Ea sunt animadvertenda peccata maxime quæ difficillime præcaventur*," is a sound and practical maxim, which we heartily wish were applied to the delinquencies of the Servants' Hall in general, and to those of P. Q. in particular.

THE INTERMINABLE LITTLE WAR.

THE news that has arrived from New Zealand does not enter sufficiently into detail to enable us to form a very distinct idea either of the objects of the Governor, or the extent of the danger to which he is exposed. But it conveys to us the melancholy certainty that we are on the threshold of another New Zealand war. The motives of the real actors appear tolerably clear. With that high-handed disregard of the rights of other races to which democracies are sometimes prone, the colonial Ministry has sought to retrieve waning popularity, or possibly to gratify a genuine resentment, by urging the Governor to take up a cause of war which has been left unnoticed for many years, and to provoke the Maoris to a death-struggle. Those of the Ministers who act from calculation no doubt expect a large arrival of English troops, and the rich harvest of a lavish commissariat. Those of them who simply feel, look forward to a war which shall cut for ever the knotty problems that beset the conflicting claims of the two races, and place the Maori's neck finally and irretrievably under the settler's foot. The Governor appears to have yielded with the perplexed facility that has marked his conduct from the first, and has made him the tool of stronger and more far-sighted men. It is manifest that, to an unscrupulous New Zealand statesman, no policy could be more attractive than that of settling the thorny native question in a colonist's sense, and at the same time settling it at England's cost. He would know that if he waited till native affairs were directly handed over to the colonists to manage, the colony must pay for all wars that it provoked, and that a war of extermina-

tion, however desirable, was a costly process. On the other hand, it was certain that England, if consulted, would never consent to any encroachment on the native rights. The only chance of attaining the desired end was to seize some happy occasion when England was represented by a feeble Governor, who might be frightened or over-persuaded into pledging England's power to the prosecution of a policy she abhors. The golden opportunity has arrived, and has not been neglected.

It is to be regretted, for the honour of this country, that the Governor's advisers did not apply some of their ingenuity in discovering a better cause of war. The King movement is too flimsy a pretext to be respectable. The history of it is this. Very soon after the departure of Sir George Grey, the Maoris began to discover that, under the constitutional system which had been newly introduced, the advantages of the treaty of Waitangi were likely to be confined entirely to one side. Their land was being gradually diminished by the purchases of the stranger, and their relative power lessened. Their independence even seemed to be threatened by the rapid progress of a race the organs of whose opinion lost no opportunity of expressing towards them a feeling of contemptuous ill-will, and predicting the approach of their national extinction. But the blessings of civilization, which were to have been the set-off to these inevitable evils, were not forthcoming. The English government, under the successor of Sir George Grey, existed only for the English. The stranger's claims to sovereignty had disorganized the rude old Maori chieftainship, but it had supplied nothing in its place. Instead of the watchful administration of government which was fostering so rapidly the prosperity of their rivals, the Maoris were suffering under the worst evils of anarchy. No attempt was made by the Governor to perform towards them a governor's duties. He knew little of the Maori, scarcely ever went amongst them, and took no steps to extend to them the security of life and property guaranteed to them by the English laws to which they were nominally subject. The consequence was that crime of every kind increased, and with it increased the more terrible curse of blood-feuds. Under these circumstances, some of the leading tribes resolved to do for themselves what no one would do for them, and they set up to the best of their ability a rude native government, which should at least satisfy the first needs of human society. No exception was taken to the movement. The Auckland Government suffered it to progress for several years without a word to challenge its legality. The Maoris have protested again and again that they mean no impeachment to the supreme authority of the Queen. To the unprejudiced eye, it seemed that they were exercising only the common right which, all the world over, the *lâches* of the ruler confers upon the governed. And this view was so far shared by the Auckland Government that, until a collateral dispute had brought a large English force into the island, they did not dream of stopping it. But, now that they are well prepared, at the cost of the English taxpayer, they think it would be a thousand pities not to finish for ever with the race upon whose lands they desire to enter. For such a purpose any pretext was sufficient; but at least it should have been something that they had not acquiesced in for years. Merely for decency's sake, it would have been worth the wolf's while to go a little further down the stream.

If the Governor has really thrown down the gauntlet, as the latest reports appear to imply, there can, unhappily, be no doubt that it will be readily taken up. The recent measures adopted against William King have left the deepest irritation in the native mind. They feel that whether William King was right or wrong, the seizure of the land he claimed without the form of trial, or the pretence of public investigation, was an assumption of arbitrary power; and to that arbitrary power, whose weight has fallen on William King to-day, any one of them may have to submit to-morrow. They look upon this as the inauguration of a new system under which their lands, which the white man covets, are to be wrested from them by the Governor's simple order, in spite of law or treaty. It is now nearly a year since we pointed out that this was the feeling likely to be engendered by a new system of real-property law which gave to a local land-agent the absolute discretion of deciding without trial between rival claimants. Our fears were realized only too accurately. We have a letter before us written to the superintendent of the Hawke's Bay province by Renata, a native of some influence, and the spokesman of an important tribe. We quote from it, because we have the authority of Mr. Swainson, who was for many years Attorney-General of New Zealand, and whose close acquaintance with native habits makes him an unimpeachable authority in such matters, that the letter was not fathered by any over-zealous white man upon Renata, but may be regarded as genuinely his own. The native's mode of expressing his thoughts fits awkwardly into our idiom, and the translation is somewhat unskilful, but it leaves no doubt as to his meaning:—

Look here. Mr. McLean himself, the author of the evil, stands there himself to investigate it. Why, did not the Maoris say: It will not do for the defendant to be a judge in his own case.

All that Waikato desired was to have an investigation; and for a long time, as far as talking could accomplish, they intervened between the combatants; and for a long time, whilst the Governor was quarrelling with his son, the Waikato were strenuously smothering their feelings of sympathy. But when at length the war became permanent, then they arose to shield him (W. K.) from the weapon of him who was placed over him. Ought they to have given him up to darkness (death)? This is my custom—if my chief

is gently punishing his children, they are left to settle their own differences; but if I see him lift a deadly weapon, then I get up to interfere. If he thereupon turns round upon and kills me, it cannot be helped. That is a good kind of death in my—the Maori's—estimation.

You say, "Probably by lengthening, by dragging out (the war), this island will be filled with soldiers and fighting men." This is my answer: Sir, you have no right to say this to me. Had I (i.e., the Maori) begun this war, you might with justice have applied those words to me. But seeing it was the Governor, if you had said this to the Governor, to him who began the work at Taranaki, it would have been right. Not to me. Sir, all these (evils) are of your doing. First, there was the wish to take our lands, and now is the accomplishment of it. For the cause (of the war) was but a small matter, and you have gone on importing Pakehas from other lands to fight with the Maoris. The next thing will be you will hide your error under the cloak of the Waikatos having gone to Taranaki to ward off the weapon raised by you against William King, whereas your opposition was made in order that you might get the land.

For it had not been asserted that the Maori King had any power (or sovereignty); they were still in search of a rule of action. By and by you will conceal the Governor's fault under this covering (King movement) since you seem determined on war. Sir, the Maori did not look upon war as his avocation; it was you who taught it him, and he stood erect to ward off your weapon, because of your stealing the Maori's land. Sir, is thieving indeed then a legitimate occupation? It has been said to be a wicked one—it must be that only a theft by a Maori is wrong; but when a Pakeha commits one, it is a laudable action.

Sir, did I, the Maori, turn round upon you to fight? I rather think it was you who turned upon your neighbour, William King. I did not go to your land to set up my little King. But it was my wrongs unredressed by you that induced me to set about to work out an idea of my own; that is, Waikato, the tribe who set it going. They were in doubt whether to term him Chief, or Governor, and neither suited. And then they established him as "the Maori King"; it was tried experimentally, and proved as a means of redress for wrongs not settled by you, by the Government. The only wrongs you redressed were those against yourselves. But as for those all over the breadth of the country, you left them unnoticed. Sir, the enemies he (the Maori King) had to fight with were the crimes of the Maori,—his murders, his thefts, his adulteries, his drunkenness, his selling land by stealth. These were what he had to deal with. As for the occurrences at Taranaki, that was none of his work. The Governor taught that sort of work to the Maori. Attend to my figure of speech. A bird, in flying, flaps both his wings downwards. But the Governor's way of flying is to flap with one wing downwards and the other up. He tells the Maori to sit quietly, with the wing that flaps downwards, whilst he beckons to the white men, with the wing working upwards, to come and exterminate the Maori. Sir, it was you who taught the Maori to fight and to go to Taranaki.

Is he a veritable King in your eyes? Sir, cease to cite this as a cause of quarrelling. For behold, the Treaty of Waitangi has been broken. It was said that that Treaty was to protect the Maoris from foreign invasion. But those bad nations never came to attack us; the blow fell from amongst you, the nation who made that same Treaty. Sir, it is you alone who have broken your numerous promises. You say, "The Maoris are not able to fight against the Queen of England and kill (prevail against) her." This is my answer. Sir, you know perfectly well that the Maori will be beaten. What will save me will be my not attempting to instruct you. It is only you who teach me; and then there are both me and your doctrine for you to kill. Sir, I have not strength to fight with you, but the law (of right) is strong, and you cannot kill it. *Though it be said that this year is for sovereignty, the fault of the Governor can never be concealed by that. Who is the Maori that is such a fool as to be mistaken about the sovereignty or supremacy of the Queen of England? Or who will throw himself away in fighting for such a cause? No, it is for land; for land has been the prime cause of war amongst the Maoris from time immemorial down to the arrival of Pakehas to this Island of ours. The Maori will not be daunted by his weakness, by his inferiority, or the smallness of his tribe. He sees his land going, and will he sit still? No, but he will take himself off (to resist).*

It is not a fight for life, (i.e., we fight without caring for our lives, that being a secondary consideration to a Maori, as is proved by their carrying on the war against hopeless odds at Taranaki; my surviving or dying is a thing to be determined there (in fighting) as you may see them now, being killed at Taranaki. The Queen's sovereignty has been acknowledged long ago. Had it been a fight for supremacy, probably every man in this island would have been up in arms.

It is not a pleasant reflection that the costs of the quarrel whose hollow pretences Renata so pointedly exposes are to be added to the burdens which almost crush us now. Still more unsatisfactory is it to think the honour of England is pawned in such a cause as this. One man's incapacity has been able to pledge the English Treasury and all future Governors to sustain a war which our enemies seem to contemplate without fear, even though it should result in their own extermination, which can bring us no conceivable benefit, and which casts a serious reflection on our good faith. Much sympathy is felt at this moment for the Hungarians in the conflict they are maintaining for the privileges they claim. They allege that the right to rule them was given to the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine only on the condition, solemnly undertaken, that their institutions should be held sacred. The New Zealanders are precisely in the same condition. They have but one institution—the tenure of their land. But that institution, as we have seen, they value beyond life, and will fight for it, even with the certain prospect that the warfare must issue in the extirpation of their race. They gave to the Queen of England the right to rule over them only on the condition, most solemnly and expressly undertaken, that this institution should be held sacred. The way we fulfil that pledge is to seize their lands without the pretence of a legal trial. And when they resist, we are not satisfied with a bloody retribution, but we put under the ban of treason even the institutions which they had erected for the maintenance of internal order. How does the pledge given at the treaty of Waitangi differ in the court of conscience and honour from that of the Pragmatic Sanction, except that it was given twenty years ago instead of a century and a-half, and that no intervening revolution has lessened its force? Our conduct will scarcely bear comparison even with that of the Austrian Government. How can we rebuke bad faith in Europe and practise it at the Antipodes, uphold pledges as sacred on one

side of the Equator, and dismiss them contemptuously as "praiseworthy devices" on the other, without tarnishing our good name? Those who are jealous of England's influence are only too ready now to represent her as using the great principles to which she constantly appeals merely as pawns in the game of Empire. It is the policy into which our colonists in various parts of the world occasionally drag us that alone can give a colour to the charge. Unhappily, there is every appearance that the evil counsellors to whom the Governor of New Zealand has surrendered himself are prepared to pursue still further this dishonouring career. They are not satisfied with plundering the natives piecemeal by endorsing fabricated titles, and then buying the land they wish of the owner they have created. They are clamouring now—we quote from an influential newspaper—for a general and systematic "opening of the waste lands to colonization." As far as right goes, there are no waste lands, and they might just as well talk about "opening" the Duke of Bedford's park to colonization. But of this they are aware. They therefore lay down without reserve the startling doctrine that "to hesitate about abstract rights is to perpetuate disorder." Governor Browne, to do him justice, seems thoroughly to have unlearned this dangerous hesitation. The only hope left is, that Sir George Grey may arrive to re-introduce it into our political system before it is too late to recede. For one of the most embarrassing and humiliating features of these complications is that England's faith is pledged beyond recall, by some petty distant representative, to some atrocious aggression, months before she has a chance of vindicating her own good faith for herself.

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

THERE is always some pretty, and perhaps profitable reading in the long letter which is annually addressed by "George Graham" to "Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, &c." The Registrar-General's pursuits are so very much akin to what is called gossip and small-talk, that it is no wonder that his style, like his matter, partakes largely of the purely domestic. But the matter as well as the manner of this document will ensure its popularity. Social and vital statistics have, we will frankly own, a general charm; and the charm consists in this—that they are mostly concerned with our neighbour's business. Now, our neighbour's business is a pleasant subject for general and private study. It is wrong, perhaps, and argues a small mind; but if society could be fairly polled, few publications would be more widely popular than a statement of what everybody had for dinner on any given day in the parish, and what is the exact number of shirts and stockings possessed by the squire and rector respectively, distinguishing the purchases of the last three years. We strongly suspect this is what we are all coming to. The proper study of mankind being man, we cannot poke our noses too often—at least we cannot poke "George Graham's" nose too often or too extensively—into every closet of every room of every house in England. We thought that the Census would perhaps exhaust this great official's attention to our *domestica facta* for the present year, and that we should be let off with that huge and wearisome tabulation of ourselves and our belongings; but the exceptional and decennial numbering of the people does not interrupt the ordinary appearance of the chronicle of Births, Deaths, and Marriages. If that column of the *Times* is so popular which contains a single day's "life histories," as the novelists say, how much more interesting must be that column magnified to the three-hundredth power, and dissected, arranged, and rearranged with all the ingenuity of the most practised manipulator of facts and figures! Wordsworth boasts that he is not one of those

..... who much or oft delight
In merely personal talk.

But Wordsworth was an exceptional man. We and Mr. Buckle do much and oft delight in merely personal talk. We can get laws out of the Registrar-General's Reports. Mr. Buckle, in a short work of forty volumes, can establish moral and political theories by striking the averages on which Satan, Sin, and Death, or Cupid and Hymen, or Ceres or Cloacina, rule the world—the microcosm alike and the macrocosm. A great philosopher can ascertain, by an infallible conclusion from a rapid generalization, that as there must, according to dynamic laws, be a certain average number of murders committed within the twelve months, or a certain number of letters stolen at the Post-Office, it does not much matter who commits the murders or intercepts our correspondence. Although the Registrar-General's Annual Report does not help us to climb these sublime heights—the Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa of statistics—yet there is a good deal of fine travelling over a pretty country of gossip, gently chequered and undulated with sufficient variety of talk about everybody's marriages or chances of being married, about people's health and complaints, what we all eat and drink, how we provide for our families, what our weekly bills amount to, and what is to be found out about our wills and effects in Doctors' Commons.

The present publication only gives the numbering of the people for the year 1859. We are always two years in arrear with the Household Book of the nation. Even those numerous clerks whose appointment to the Census Office we see every week announced in the *Civil Service Gazette*, cannot keep our history au

comprant with our lives. Our biography is not quite contemporaneous—though it does the Registrar-General great credit, as things go, to produce his statistics for 1859 as early as 30th May, 1861. It is not perhaps too much to expect that we may ultimately arrive somewhat nearer perfection in this energetic department of State, but at present we must content ourselves with knowing how the nation managed matters in 1859. Here those who like such information will find at what ages folks choose to marry—also at what times of the year they prefer marriage, and whether St. Valentine's-day or the closing nights of autumn are more likely to suggest connubial thoughts. An intelligent curiosity may further investigate the affinities between widowers and widows, bachelors and spinsters, widowers and spinsters, with every cross division of the sexes in their married and unmarried relations, past and present, contingent and prospective—also the proportions of lawful births and of "love children," and in what districts these latter are in excess—also the proportion of those who, in subscribing the marriage register, prefer the sign of the cross to their own calligraphy. These and the like important facts, in the fullest detail, with all imaginable particulars, may be found in the present Blue-book, and in those abstracts of the Blue-book which we owe to the diligence of the epitomizers and abbreviators of Major Graham, and which appear periodically in the newspapers.

It is not our present purpose to go through these, or any like details. We have something to say to the Registrar-General, or at least we would venture on a single question which, however, we only put doubtfully and tentatively. It is this—whether his zeal for his favourite subject and his official pursuits does not occasionally, just now and then, run away with his discretion—whether he does not ride his hobby so desperately hard that his inquiries become almost (if such a thing were possible) impertinent, and his homilies and preachments slightly ridiculous? We will, in a cursory and rapid way, point out a few specimens of Major Graham's tale which strike us as being a little out of place, and rather superfluous. The fact is that we have to pay the bill for printing the Registrar-General's report; and we do strongly object to pay for printing whatever nonsense or surpluage may occur to the Registrar-General or to any other official. There is in France a responsible Director-General of the Imperial press, who has lately, by the way, come to grief, in the person of M. Saint George. We wish that his services could be retained for our own benefit. We want somebody to check the flux of talk in which official reporters indulge; and some restraint should be put, if not upon their volubility, at least upon their unlimited credit with the Queen's printer.

Here is the Registrar-General always lecturing us on our duties—preaching edifying lay sermons on all our responsibilities, social, moral, and sanitary. And this is all very well. But it costs money to print, and we have heard it all before—Dr. Letheby and Mr. Simon, and every Health Officer in every town, say the same. It has all been printed before; and we object to paying for its being printed now. This is one little drawback on the excellence of Major Graham's annual publications. Another is, that, not content with giving us facts, he adds a little moral reflection, which in this case is all the worse for being tedious, commonplace, and slightly flatulent. The Registrar-General is employed to get us our facts—he may trust us for drawing the moral. *Ex. grat.* he has to state that "one in every fifteen children is born out of wedlock." The fact is valuable, which is more than we can say for this scholium:—

One in every fifteen children is in this condition, and has to encounter the hardships incidental to it; for hitherto mankind have treated the innocent children with the opprobrium which properly attaches only to the parents. Exactly twenty-seven words of twaddle printed at the national expense—a subject which we recommend to the member for Lambeth at the next debate on the Miscellaneous Estimates. Again—the old, old story of the sanitary improvements at Ely is produced. Upon which the Registrar-General remarks, contrasting healthy Ely with unhealthy Cambridge:—

From Ely, Cambridge has now much to learn. It is a matter of national importance that the places where some of the principal youths of the country are educated should be healthy. . . . Why are not the undergraduates taught practically the conditions most favourable to human development? Why are there not tables of mortality pointing out monthly the effects of all the noxious agencies infecting the houses, colleges, and streets? This would be teaching by example, &c.

If this is not exactly nonsense, it is rather crotchety; and we grudge the cost of putting it into type. After the not very novel observation that a good many lives might be spared if the drainage were better, the Registrar-General winds up with this grand peroration:—"Pliny says bitterly"—and the original passage is given in a note—"man is the only animal that takes a pleasure in the destruction of his own species." Surely somebody will one day aim to teach the world the truer pleasure of saving mankind!" Pliny may say this bitterly, but it was great nonsense; for it is not true that cocks and bulls, and serpents and lions never fight each other. And of what Pliny says bitterly and foolishly, we certainly can dispense with the repetition, bitter also and foolish also, from the Registrar-General. Elsewhere, there is occasion to mention the number of deaths in Yorkshire, and to say that the average health is improving by an improved condition of manufacture. This last fact is expanded by the gorgeous language of the Registrar-General, thus:—

As substitutes for insalubrious processes, exquisite pieces of mechanism not only card but comb the wool, spin it, weave it, dye it, and finally convert

the fleeces of England, with the fleeces of Germany and the finer wools of Australia, either alone, or combined with cotton, silk, and alpaca, into the finest textures which vie in beauty and utility with the furs of animals or the gayer plumage of birds. The workpeople are now in average health; and through the incessant noises of machinery are often heard, as the day declines, pleasant voices singing the concerted songs of the Bradford minstrels.

A delightful picture delightfully painted; but then we do not want our sentiment and fine writing done by the Registrar-General. This sort of thing is better left to the enterprise of private publishers, who will doubtless not fail to employ writers who are such very skilful artists.

Once more—the Registrar-General runs a parallel between the London of 1859 and the London of 1665, through three columns of close print. If this is not—and it is not—altogether out of place in such a publication, we cannot say as much for an elaborate description of the Great Plague, with the incidents of the red crosses and "Lord have mercy upon us!" all taken directly from Defoe. In the following fashion the Registrar-General improves the occasion, and moralizes in the high Hamlet vein, when he discusses the practical uses of a general registration:—"The searches into the death register extend into the past; but in numbers decreasing as we proceed backwards through the avenue of years. *Pulvis et umbra sumus.*" &c. &c. Then follow sundry strictures on "our singularly unscientific system of orthography"—a disquisition on feminine curiosity—and a little essay on the tenure of landed property, which, whatever may be said about them on other grounds, are very much out of place here. The Registrar-General is an active public servant, and his office is well manned; but we must take leave to remark that this department of State would be not the less useful were it to attend to its own business, and to its own business only.

MILITARY GYMNASTICS.

WE have observed with satisfaction the progress which has been lately made towards the establishment in the army of schools for the practice of gymnastics. We say "schools," because, whatever be the name employed, this ought to be the substance. A number of active and spirited novices turned loose into a room fitted for gymnastic exercises are almost certain to begin by attempting whatever they see done, and thus, by overtaking unpractised muscles, injuries may result which would seriously reduce instead of enhancing the efficiency of a regiment. But, under proper superintendence, there is hardly any limit to the benefit that would be produced by the cultivation of gymnastics in the British army. This important subject had not escaped the notice of that judicious promoter of military efficiency, the lamented Lord Herbert. In a speech made last year in the House of Commons, he dwelt upon the necessity of imitating in this respect the prudent policy which has long prevailed in France. It cannot be too often repeated, that all improvements in destructive weapons, whether on sea or land, tend to bring the combatants close together, rather than to remove them further apart. Let there be the truest and longest-ranging rifles and artillery to reduce the numbers of an advancing enemy, and let there be also strong and active limbs, simple and sure weapons, and steady courage to grapple, man for man, with the remnant which survives the storm of shot. It is upon this principle that in the French army all exercises that can give to the soldier quickness and vigour, and the confidence which results from them, are taught and practised with the most anxious care. Indeed, the solicitude of Imperialism for the welfare of its best supports is carried to a height which even Lord Herbert's intense devotion to his country's service could hardly imitate. Cabbages and kidney beans have grown with singular luxuriance for the delectation of the soldier, under the genial beams of that sun of Austerlitz which irradiates the camps of France. We read that the *amour propre* of the French conscript has been gratified by the large development of vegetables planted with his own hand, while his spirit has been cheered as he walked through the plot of garden behind his tent by the image which, under beneficent direction, he had produced of his paternal home. It is another example of the complete identification of the Empire with peace, that after a few years, when these gardens shall have been more completely cultivated, the soldier, as well as the civilian, will sit under his own vine, surrounded by his own cabbages, in the enjoyment of that tranquillity which the sceptre of Napoleon assures to France. We have, indeed, a suspicion that this, as well as other steps of Imperial policy, may have a warlike object under the guise of peace. It is possible that the ingenious staff which conducts the military education of the French army may propose to hold a rehearsal, among other celebrated battles, of that in the cabbage garden in Ireland, which makes the memory of Smith O'Brien famous. Under scientific instruction, the Imperial Guard may be trained to choose death rather than surrender even in the midst of a fine crop of vegetables. But whether the Emperor has bid his camps be green in the interest of health and amusement or of tactics, the inference to be drawn is just the same—that it is difficult to rival the untiring assiduity with which he courts and fosters the power which sustains his throne. We had lately another instance of the same kind in that military ball at Vichy which threw Napoleonist journalists into such transports of admiration. The Emperor and more than one non-commissioned officer were seen dancing in the

same quadrille. We fear that if, during a ball at Buckingham Palace, the Queen of England were to give her hand to a sergeant of her guard, the figure made by the partner of Royalty would not be gratifying. It is not, however, our intention to propose that dancing should be one of the gymnastic exercises of the British army. We must admit that in this respect our neighbours hold an incontestable superiority. French soldiers can dance together when there are no available partners of the other sex, because "it is their nature to;" but the nature of the British soldier is usually repugnant to saltatory amusement, at least as long as he remains sober. A sergeant of the British Guards, unless he be a Scotchman, is no more likely to dance, even in the presence of the Queen, than a modern Lord Chancellor; and we think that in both cases the attempt had better not be made. But although we do not require to see British soldiers dancing quadrilles before a Court, we should like to see them all possessing that agility of which graceful dancing is only one among many possible manifestations. Lord Herbert quoted most appropriately, in connexion with this subject, the observation made in the last century, that the French would be the best cooks in the world if only they had a little butcher's meat. The French army would be the finest in the world if only the material which its chiefs have to work upon were as excellent as their experience is wide, their skill consummate, and their diligence untiring.

It is impossible to speak upon this subject of the cultivation of gymnastics without paying a passing tribute of praise to the most eminent living professor of the art—we mean the famous Léotard. His movements are the perfection of graceful motion, and he seems to be as much at his ease in the air as a practised swimmer in the water. It is no exaggeration to say that Léotard flies. His movements are so easy that it is almost impossible to think he is in any danger. But, notwithstanding his wide-spread popularity, there must still be persons who have not seen him, and, therefore, before we praise him further, we may as well explain that the *trampoline* is a short bar of wood, suspended from the roof under which he performs by two ropes. The gymnast grasps this bar with his hands, and swings by it, describing an arc of a circle in the air. Léotard frequently lets go the bar and drops on the elastic boarded floor below without injury or the least apparent shock. He does this at moments when the bar is elevated above the lowest point of the arc which it describes, but we never saw him do it when the bar was near its highest point. However, the difference in the effect of a descent from the point from which he does and that from which he might fall can hardly be so great as that between life and death. There are several of these *trampolines* in succession, and the bars of them hang parallel to one another. As the performer is swinging from the first, the second is set in motion by an attendant, and the bar describes its arc. When it comes near the bar from which the performer is swinging, he lets go this bar and forces himself through the air until he grasps the second. The unerring precision with which this is done by Léotard forms the most striking feature of his performance. It is true that, if he missed the bar, he would get what would be, for an ordinary man, a tremendous fall; but then it seems impossible that he should miss it. The conception of danger is lost in admiration of his skill; and as he flies the length of the exhibition-room by means of a succession of these *trampolines*, he calls forth enthusiastic plaudits which are thoroughly well deserved. He usually makes this flight only once or twice, probably because it is too exhausting for frequent repetition. The remainder of his performance is accomplished upon a single *trampoline*, or upon a fixed horizontal bar of wood; and the whole of it is elegant and pleasing in a very high degree.

Of course we do not expect to see either soldiers or civilians emulating the feats of Léotard. It is in order to prevent rash attempts at emulating him by beginners that we think gymnastics ought to be taught by authorized instructors. We believe that some years ago a gymnasium was actually established for the Brigade of Guards, and it was discontinued in consequence of the accidents which happened to imprudent men. But we do not consider that this circumstance affords any sufficient reason why gymnastics, under proper control, should not be generally practised in the army. We must not trust so implicitly in the excellence of our own raw material as to despise that art of cookery in which our neighbours excel so highly. The Emperor Napoleon has told his soldiers that the battles of the future are to be gained by the *arme blanche*, and although French bayonets may on occasion become garden tools, we may be sure that the primary use of them is not forgotten.

The French soldiers are regularly exercised with the bayonet, and they are also taught gymnastics. The object of all this training is to give them confidence in the use of the weapon which is to decide battles. There is really nothing easier than to occupy some of the abundant leisure of British soldiers in exercises which will promote their health and efficiency, as well as keep them out of mischief. They may practise what are specially called gymnastics, and also sparring, and fencing, both with foils and also to some extent with bayonets. These and many other varieties of athletic sports ought to be going on daily in every regiment of the regular army, and also of the Volunteers. As regards the latter, there is no town so closely built that space cannot be found in it for a gymnasium attached to the head-quarters of the local corps. Under judicious management, such an institution need not be costly, and it would

be productive of unmixed good. Efficient superintendents might be found among the intelligent non-commissioned officers of the regular army, who would be encouraged to devote themselves to the study of gymnastics in the hope of thereby earning a comfortable addition to their pay. In every way, the movement which is being made in this direction in the regular army, and also partially among the Volunteers, is full of promise of military as well as of sanitary advantages, while the continued neglect of gymnastics and the art of self-defence would be suicide. It is absolutely necessary to national security that the excellent raw material of our armies should be worked up in the most scientific way.

FIFTEENTH REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS IN LUNACY.

THE Commissioners of Lunacy have just issued their fifteenth annual Report, addressed to the Lord Chancellor. It is a document full of interest, though of the most painful sort, to all classes of the community. We propose to make a few remarks on the principal topics suggested by this Report and its numerous appendices as to the present working of the system of inspection, and as to the general statistics of insanity in this country.

The chief practical fact upon which the Commissioners insist on this occasion is the rapid increase in the number of insane paupers requiring accommodation in county or borough asylums. They argue—and we believe rightly—that the relative proportion of lunatics to those of sound mind is not larger than it used to be in the lower classes of the population; but the result of modern legislation, and of the energetic inquiries of the Commissioners themselves, has been to bring to light numerous cases of insanity which would otherwise have been concealed or overlooked. This action is likely to continue until all such cases become known to the proper authorities, and are placed under fit supervision. Meanwhile, the statistics of lunacy must not be taken, without proper abatement and limitation, as though they afforded data for any inference as to the increase or decrease of insanity among the poor. This result is unsatisfactory, perhaps, to the statistician and to the "sociologist," but it is full of consolation to all those who know how much suffering is spared to the mentally afflicted by a well-organized system of treatment and systematic inspection. Ratepayers, however, must be prepared for still further demands upon their purses until every county and borough shall have provided itself with a lunatic hospital sufficiently large for its proper share of insane patients. We are not anxious to give the Lunacy Commissioners much larger powers than they already possess, knowing as we do the tendency of all Boards to be domineering and arbitrary. At present, the Commissioners have to appeal to public opinion, by means of their annual Report, in order to compel unwilling or dilatory Quarter Sessions to attend to the remonstrances or recommendations of the official visitors. Accordingly, we feel that we may be doing good service in calling attention to some of the worst examples of remissness on the part of the local authorities. Once more, for instance, the magistrates of "the united counties of Carmarthen, Cardigan, and Pembroke, and the town and county of Haverfordwest," are taxed with neglect and supineness. The county of Surrey has also been backward in making the necessary enlargement of its asylum. On the other hand, the City of London has convinced the Commissioners that less accommodation is required for its pauper lunatics than had been originally insisted upon. The State Asylum for Criminal Lunatics, at Broadmoor, near the Wellington College, is by this time nearly ready. The total number of criminal lunatics now distributed among various hospitals or asylums amounts to 788; and as the house at Broadmoor will only take in 500 of both sexes, its inmates will have to be chosen, on some principle or other, out of the whole body. The Commissioners strongly urge that care should be taken not "to degrade the Institution by investing it with the character of a gaol rather than an asylum."

The Report next proceeds to the charitable hospitals for the insane, as distinguished from the county and borough asylums. Many of these institutions are evidently in want of some reform, in order to reach the standard of comfort and efficiency which is now considered fitting for the treatment of the mentally afflicted. But what seems wanting in most of these cases is rather a properly-qualified manager than any goodwill on the part of the Governors. It is clear that a rare combination of gifts is necessary to make a thoroughly good superintendent of a lunatic hospital. For instance, the visitors report that, in one well-known institution, with a change of management, "the lectures, dances, and musical entertainments, which were once frequently held, appear to have been discontinued." We are glad to see that the Governors of St. Luke's Hospital have lately agreed to admit patients whose friends are able and willing to pay for their care and maintenance. For want of such a change of rules, this institution had become practically of little use. We have before this insisted that the most crying want of the day, connected with the insane, is the multiplication of private hospitals in which patients may be received, not as paupers or the recipients of charity, but on the payment of some moderate and yet remunerative terms. The Commissioners insist on proper amusements for the insane, and it is rather curious to read, in the case of the Quaker Asylum, the York Retreat, that "latterly some of the patients assembled in the work-room on the female side, two or three times a week, and amused themselves with a dance." The Lincoln Hospital is

reported as standing in need, since Dr. Charlesworth's death, of more active support from the local authorities and the neighbouring gentry. It appears indeed that its Governors almost wholly neglect the self-imposed duty of frequent and regular inspection. The Bethel Hospital at Norwich is not only very ill-managed, but its Governors are charged with obstinate resistance to the advice of the visitors. From the facts here stated, we think that the Commissioners are in the right. The correspondence seems to have been carried on with temper and judgment on their part; and we are amused at the euphemistic conclusion at which they arrive, that the Governors of this hospital are "inexperienced as to the comparative condition and great progress of improvement in other establishments of a similar nature."

Under the head of Metropolitan Licensed Houses, the Commissioners are obliged to report again very unfavourably of Munster House, Fulham. It seems most extraordinary that institutions of this kind, supported by the payments of the inmates, should be able to defy the visitors. One would have thought that a public complaint made by such high authorities would have compelled an immediate and searching inquiry on the part of the patients' friends. We hold it to be the duty of all whose misfortune it is to have any members of their family under restraint for brain disease to make themselves acquainted with the public reports of the legal visitors of such institutions. If such reports can be shown upon investigation to be unfair or vexatious, they ought to be refuted; but if there is any doubt about the matter, it would be well for the persons concerned so far to act upon them as at least to threaten the proprietors with the removal of their inmates. It is well that there should be a check upon the possibly meddling interference of the Commissioners. On the other hand, unless private persons do their own part in co-operating with the Visitors for the better care of insane persons, we shall have the powers of the Board unduly increased. We have more than once expressed our own opinion that those who can pay for it have a perfect right to place their insane relations in any properly licensed institution which they may choose. The duty of the Commissioners is not to decide where a patient is to go, but to give him protection by their power of withholding their license from any ill-managed asylum. They ought to be energetically supported in the exercise of this most wholesome and necessary right—failing which we may be pretty sure that they will claim, and will be supported in claiming, more authority in the disposal of private lunatics than is at all desirable. Duddeston Hall, near Birmingham, and Plympton House, Devonshire, are severely handled in the present Report; and, in the case of two institutions, Haydon Hall, Middlesex, and Gateshead Fell, Durham, we read that the licenses have not been renewed.

Not a little curious to observers of social anomalies is the discovery by the Commissioners that a so-called "Boarding Establishment" at Leyton Park, Essex, was nothing more nor less than an "unlicensed" retreat for persons of unsound mind. In this institution an imbecile young lady was seduced:—

Upon visiting her we found her to be so weak in mind as to be perfectly incapable of taking care of herself. We, however, elicited from her facts which showed that great irregularities had taken place between her and several of the male inmates residing at Mr. Byas's; and, upon reporting the same to the Board, a visit was directed to be made to the establishment. All the boarders were stated by Mr. Byas to be of sound mind and free agents in every respect. As regards personal liberty, the Commissioners had no reason to doubt this statement; but they reported, as the result of their examination of the inmates (thirty-eight in number), that, besides several whose mental state was doubtful, they found four who were decidedly insane and proper persons to be placed under certificates. The Commissioners further came to the conclusion that the law had long been, and was then, substantially violated or wilfully evaded by Mr. Byas, and that he had been in the practice of receiving as boarders persons of unsound mind.

Just let the state of society in such a boarding house be imagined! The proprietor in question averted a prosecution by immediately getting rid of the insane patients and inserting a public apology in certain newspapers and medical journals.

The Lunacy Act enables the Commissioners to visit and report upon workhouses which have separate wards for the insane; but further powers are demanded by the Board for the better fulfilment of this part of their duties. They desire to restrict the workhouses to such patients as are merely imbecile, and to transfer the actually insane to proper asylums; and they give the full details of several cases which seem to form a sufficient ground for further legislative interference. They will also be supported by intelligent public opinion in their assertion that no watchfulness on their part can be excessive as to the strictest compliance with the law of all medical certificates upon which a person of alleged unsound mind is deprived of his liberty. We are more doubtful as to agreeing with the portion of the Report which treats of leave of absence to lunatics under the 86th section of the 8 and 9 Vict. c. 100. Not that we dispute the advantage of change of scene to insane patients; but that we fear the Board may be sometimes tempted to order a change when a patient's friends cannot afford the expense. The case is easily conceivable in which a holiday and a journey may be an unattainable luxury to a man who has no superfluous means. Is a pressure to be put upon him to extend to an insane member of his family what he is obliged to deny to the rest? The Commissioners are better employed in extending the benefits of official inspection to the most neglected class of all—the so-called "single patients" of all grades of society, who live in lodgings under the charge of a keeper, more or less qualified, as the case may be, for his post.

From the statistical tables we gather that the increase of lunatics in the ten years ending Jan. 1, 1859, was from 14,560 to 22,853. This increase, however, turns out, upon examination, to be almost limited to pauper and criminal patients in public asylums. The inmates in licensed houses have actually decreased. Another curious fact is that, among private patients, the men exceed the women; while among pauper lunatics there are many more women than men. The latter is perhaps explained by the suggestion in the Report that the rate of mortality is lower among women than among men. The reason for the other disparity may be that in the upper classes the wear and tear of life and business is more felt by the male sex. Still it seems to be proved by these statistics that, contrary to general opinion, lunacy is not on the increase in the middle and upper strata of society. And the Commissioners are strongly of opinion that the increase of pauper lunatics is more apparent than real. They account for it by remarking that many cases which, under the old system, were unreported, are now brought under observation; and further, that the mortality among the insane is greatly reduced by the more humane and careful treatment which is now the rule in all public asylums. The following conclusion is consolatory:—

Considerations such as these furnish abundant reason for discrediting the statements which foreign authors have founded on our returns, to the effect that the inhabitants of this country are more liable to insanity than those of any other civilized State.

We may be allowed to observe, in conclusion, that the present Report, in a literary point of view, is markedly inferior to its predecessors. The new Secretary to the Board should beware of the style of the penny-a-liner. Somewhat of a ludicrous effect is produced on the mind by the frequent use of the terms "gentlemen" and "ladies" for insane patients, even of the lower ranks of life, when the gravity of the subject demands that the poor sufferers should be called, in plain English, males and females, or at least men and women. Again, we find many such slipshod expressions as "instrumental restraints" and "the cubical contents of the rooms," besides other phrases still more colloquial and inaccurate, and happily very rare in public documents of so much importance.

REVIEWS.

LIBER CUSTUMARUM*

THESE volumes are a continuation of those municipal antiquities of the City of London the publication of which began some time back with the *Liber Albus*. We then expressed a favourable opinion of Mr. Riley's editorship, and we see nothing in the book before us to make us alter it. Mr. Riley does not, like some one or two of the Master of the Rolls' editors, manifest any sort of original power; we do not suspect him of any deep or wide grasp of general history, and his English style is painfully weak and mean. But the work immediately before him he does well. He evidently loves what he is about, and spares no pains to do it as thoroughly as he can. In short, Mr. Riley, if not brilliant, is neither careless nor ignorant; and he discharges his editorial duties in a way that is quite up to the mark. Since these volumes were published, he has distinguished himself by a minute and curious investigation into the History attributed to Ingulf, which it is not too much to say that he completely demolished. The authenticity of the book has long been gravely suspected, or in truth denied, by the best scholars; but we do not remember any such complete turning inside out of the forgery as Mr. Riley put forth before the Historical Section at Peterborough. The accumulation of a great mass of small details was exactly in his line, and he did the work to perfection. The more general aspect of the question he did not enter upon; that was left to Ingulf's other enemies, who, when Mr. Riley had once opened fire, did not fail to appear.

In the year 1328, according to Mr. Riley, died one Andrew Horn, a citizen of London, who must have been a very remarkable man. He was a fishmonger—not merely an honorary member of the Worshipful Company, but an honest tradesman, who went on selling fish to the day of his death. He was a man eminent among his fellow-citizens, and rose to the rank of Chamberlain of the City. And with all this, he seems to have been a scholar, antiquary, and book-collector to no small extent for the fourteenth century. We should fancy that few fishmongers could then or now match the six great volumes of history, law, and civic antiquities which Andrew Horn collected and bequeathed to the Corporation of the City. Six such books in those days would answer, in point of cost and difficulty of obtaining, to a very fair library now-a-days; and we may reasonably suppose that these six books were not all that Master Andrew possessed. We need not go through the whole history of the MSS., which may be seen in full in Mr. Riley's Introduction. Suffice it to say that, for a large portion of the matter contained in these volumes, we have to thank the patriotic and antiquarian zeal of the literary fishmonger of the days of Edward II. His books seem to have gone through many strange adventures. Some volumes are lost, others have got divided, and the halves bound up with other

* *Munimenta Gildhallæ Londoniensis: Liber Albus, Liber Custumarum, et Liber Horn.* Edited by Henry Thomas Riley, M.A. Vol. ii. Parts i. and ii. Containing "Liber Custumarum." London: Longmans. 1860.

books which did not belong to them. Sir Robert Cotton got hold of some, kept them a long while, painted his own arms in them, and at last, after much importunity, gave back only a part, so that one MS. is now among the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum, instead of in its proper place in the Guildhall of the City. So, at least, Mr. Riley tells us; we do not know whether the officers of the Museum have anything to say the other way.

Mr. Riley has very carefully analysed the singular provisions of civic legislation with which these volumes abound. Every one knows how completely trade was carried on in fetters during the Middle Ages—how minute regulations were enforced upon every conceivable subject—regulations, too, varying everywhere from town to town, which one would have thought quite enough to stop all mercantile enterprise. And yet, in spite of all restrictions, trade did contrive to live and prosper. London, with a code of laws which seems at first sight enough to have stifled all commerce of every kind, did, as a matter of fact, always advance in the amount of her trade and in the prosperity which followed thereon. It is idle to ask how much more rapid her advance might have been if no such restrictions had been imposed. Such a question is much the same as asking what the fourteenth century would have done if it had been the nineteenth century, and not the fourteenth. And it might be almost fruitless to inquire whether there was anything in men's born dispositions in those days which made a system which seems to us essentially ruinous, practically become, by some mysterious means, beneficial to mankind. One can hardly doubt of one thing. In times like those, municipal freedom was the very salt of the earth. The most foolish and vexatious code framed and administered by the City of London for the City of London did really more to promote the cause of freedom, and thereby the general well-being of mankind, than the most enlightened system that could have been dictated to the citizens by a paternal despot. This is true even in England, where the nation was already beginning to find means of combined legal action; but how much more in France, where there was no national action at all, where the privileges of this and that town were the only *tertium quid* besides utter tyranny and utter anarchy. The City of Paris had incomparably less real independence than the City of London; therefore it was incomparably more violent and revolutionary. Paris was exactly the same in all ages; but even the worst excesses of butchers and "flayers" at least show some life, some consciousness of political existence. The most brutal Burgundian sedition was better—better in the long run, at least—than the dead level of passive subjection.

We must give a few specimens of the sort of civic legislation of which the book is full, as regards both natives and foreigners. There are different provisions for Lorrainers, Danes, Norwegians, men of Amiens, Nesle, and Corby, men of Cologne, and the "Emperor's men" or merchants of the Hanse of Almaine. The Dane, as became his kindred blood, was well received, and the Norwegian almost equally so; the men of Picardy were not discouraged; but the unlucky Lorrainers seem to have had an evil time of it. We will quote Mr. Riley's analysis:—

Arrived here [at London Bridge], and the drawbridge duly raised, they were for a certain time to lie moored off the Wharf (Rise); which not improbably was Queen-Hythe, the most important, in these times, of all the hythes or landing-places, to the West of London Bridge. Here they were to remain at their moorings two ebbs and a flood; during which period the merchants were to sell no part of their cargo, it being the duty of one of the Sheriffs and the King's Chamberlain to board each vessel in the meantime, and to select for the royal use such precious stones, massive plate of gold or silver (called "Work of Solomon"), tapestry of Constantinople, or other valuable articles, as they might think proper; the price thereof being duly assessed by lawful merchants of London, and credit given until a fortnight's end.

The two ebbs and a flood expired, and the officials having duly made their purchases or declined to do so, the wine-ship was allowed to lie alongside the wharf, the tuns of wine being disposed of under certain regulations, apparently meant as a precaution against picking and choosing, to such merchants as might present themselves as customers, those of London having the priority, and those of Winchester coming next. The first night after his arrival in the City, no Lorrainer was allowed to go "to market or to fair," for any purposes of traffic, beyond four specified points, which seem to have been Stratford-le-Bow, Stamford Hill, Knightsbridge, and Blackheath.

If, however, on the other hand, the Lorrainer thought proper to carry his wares and luggage beyond those limits, and to "take hostel" within the City, it was the duty of the Sheriff to visit him at his lodging, and exact Scavage on his goods: the merchant being bound to wait three days for the Sheriff's attendance, and, during that interval, not allowed even to unpack his goods. Unless prevented by contrary winds, sickness, or debt, the Lorrainer, in common with most other foreigners in these times, was bound to leave London by the end of forty days; and during his stay there were certain articles—woolfele, lambskins, fresh leather, and unwrought wool in the number,—which he was absolutely forbidden to purchase under pain of forfeiture to the Sheriff. Three live pigs was all he was allowed to buy for his own consumption, at sea, probably; and if he dared to violate so important a regulation, upon outcry being raised thereon, he was to be brought up for judgment in the Court of Hustings forthwith.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the civic authorities had sometimes real danger to guard against on the part of the strangers. Here are some very evil practices on the part of the "merchants of Almaine," a class far more favoured than the Lorrainers:—

In the 27th year of the same reign [Edward III.] we find a somewhat serious charge brought against these "Merchants of Almaine;" to what extent it was justified, we have no means of forming a conclusion. The King had recently, by precept, commanded the Sheriffs of London that they should allow no good money, or silver in bullion, to be carried out of the realm, or any

spurious coin to be brought into the City. In spite, however, of this prohibition, it had come to the royal ears that certain merchants of Almaine, resident in the City, and dwelling in houses by the water-side and elsewhere, had—"under colour of certain liberties and acquittances," unto them by the King and his progenitors granted, harboured certain strange merchants, with fardels and divers packages of goods, both in the night and, clandestinely, by day. Even more than this, the Teutonic had been in the habit (*aspice*) of avowing such goods as their own, and, in virtue of their privileges, opening them out and selling them without any Scavage, or examination, on part of the Sheriffs; thereby not only defrauding the revenue of its customs, but affording an opportunity for the concealment and circulation of bad money. The merchants are, therefore, strictly enjoined in future to avow (or colour) no wares but their own; and on no account to receive any such into their possession, or to open out any such fardels without the Sheriffs duly having view and making scrutiny thereof.

Among natives we find the Weavers—descended mainly, it would seem, from Flemish colonists—treated as an inferior and almost servile class. But we find their condition gradually improved as time goes on. The ill-treatment was by no means confined to London, but seems to have been usual in all the English towns:—

In reference to the Weavers and Fullers of Winchester, we learn, that no weaver or fuller might go beyond the precincts of the city for the purposes of traffic; and that they were to sell their cloths to the traders of the city only. If any weaver or fuller, "for enriching himself," should be found going out of the city, the substantial men thereof were to take his chattels back into the city, and deal with them as forfeited. If cloth was sold by them to any trader not belonging to the city, such trader was to lose the cloth, and the weaver was liable to forfeiture of all his goods. No weaver or fuller was to buy the articles requisite for his trade until he had made satisfaction to the Sheriff for his proportion of the ferm, or rent, due to the King from his craft or Guild. No freeman was to be accused even by a weaver or a fuller; nor were such persons allowed to bear witness against a freeman. If a weaver became rich enough to be able to leave his craft, he was bound solemnly to forswear it, and to remove all looms from his house. This done, he might be admitted to the freedom of the city.

At Marlborough, regulations of a similar nature appear to have prevailed. The weaver was to work for no one, except the substantial men of the town, nor was he to possess any property of his own to the value of one penny, beyond what pertained to the art of making cloth; except indeed to the amount of five ells of cloth, for clothing himself throughout the year. He was also bound to remove all looms from his house before adopting any other trade. At Oxford, the weaver was not allowed, under pain of forfeiture, to weave or full his own cloth without leave of the substantial men of the town. Upon death of a weaver, his wife was to marry none but a weaver, in case it should be her wish to follow her late husband's craft. At Beverley, a locality famed for its textures during the Middle Ages, similar arbitrary and unrighteous usages prevailed.

In short, the whole of Mr. Riley's introduction may be read with great interest. The account of the "Iter" held in Edward II.'s time, the history of the civic rights of the House of Fitzwalter, the description of the military forces of the city, are all very interesting subjects, and are treated at length. Mr. Riley illustrates matters of this sort excellently. We only wish his researches in the Guildhall had not led him to such a wearisome use of the cockneyism "locality" for "place."

On the other hand, Mr. Riley often makes slips, not monstrous blunders, but errors which those thoroughly versed in general history would avoid, as soon as he gets beyond his immediate subject. In p. lxxix. we get a "Dauphin of France" in the person of Louis (afterwards King Louis VIII.) in the thirteenth century. This is a common mistake, and a mistake easily made, but it is one which nobody who carried a clear view of French history in his head would ever make for a moment. In p. lx. Mr. Riley mentions the settlement of the Flemings under Henry I., in various districts—

Cumberland and Pembrokeshire, for example; Hoveden also mentions (s. a. 1111), the town of Rôs, supposed to be Denbigh.

This confusion is delightful to any one who has at all mastered the mysteries of Welsh geography. Roger of Hoveden says nothing about "the town of Rôs," which does not exist. His words are *terra quæ nominatur Rôs*—i.e., Roos in Pembrokeshire—the name then probably including also the neighbouring hundred of Castlemartin. If so, it included a town of "Denbigh"—not, indeed, the one known to Englishmen as such, but the well-known watering-place of Tenby. Tenby and Denbigh are, in Welsh, the same word. There is one town so called in North Wales, and one in South; but Mr. Riley evidently did not know that "Rôs" was a district of Pembrokeshire, but mistook it for the town of Denbigh, in Denbighshire.

Here is a curious instance of the way in which so many people, even when they know, cannot realize, the changes in political geography. Mr. Riley knows perfectly well that Lorraine was a fief of the Empire, although the Lorraine men (as well as those of Cologne) are dealt with distinctly from the "Emperor's men" generally. He knows it perfectly well, yet he can write a note to point out an error of a French antiquary in these words:—

Singularly enough, M. Delpit, in p. lxxxii. of his *Collection Générale*, has quoted the first eight lines of this document as belonging to the *Statutes of the Lorrainers*; and has thereby missed the fact that it bears reference to our early commerce with his own country.

Unless M. Delpit actually comes from Lorraine, we are at a loss to see what light is thrown on our early commerce with his country by regulations about natives even of Upper Lorraine. And is Mr. Riley quite sure that these Lorrainers did not come from Lower Lorraine or Brabant, which happily remains as yet unannexed to M. Delpit's country? So, a little way on (p. li.), Mr. Riley seems to think that the national hatred to the French in Edward III.'s time would extend itself to the King's subjects of Bourdeaux and La Reole. Mr. Riley knows well enough that Bourdeaux was not a French city, but he does not realize it.

Once more, is Mr. Riley a Scotchman? If not, we might have been spared the following bit of clap-trap. William de Leyre, a former Sheriff, was amerced in Edward II.'s "Iter," apparently for some breach of form in giving in his accounts. Mr. Riley comments:—

The worthy ex-functionary's clumsiness, which thus brought upon him the indignation of the bench, may be excused, not improbably, on the score of old age, as the accounts he was then giving in were those of his Shrievalty some thirty years before. William de Leyre was a member of the Mystery of Pepperers, and Alderman of the Ward of Castle Baynard; and the reader will be the less inclined, perhaps, to sympathize with him, when he learns—from other sources—that this man had once acted the gaoler to the heroic William Wallace; for it was in his house, situate in the Parish of All Saints, Fenchurch Street, that the patriot was confined, (22nd August, 1305,) the day and night before his barbarous execution at the Elms in Smithfield.

Why should a scholar like Mr. Riley lend himself to this kind of talk? What would Mr. Riley have had the Alderman do? should he have refused to "act the gaoler" to so heroic a patriot? To take the perfectly accurate analogy of the great Edward's late apologist, it would be about as likely that any English officer, magistrate, or other official in India should have refused to have anything to do with the arrest or detention of so heroic a patriot as Nana Sahib. Or would Mr. Riley think it wicked in any Scottish magistrate down to the seventeenth century that he strung up as many Highland freebooters as he could lay his hands upon, in utter ignorance that a great writer some centuries after would invest them with a romantic interest? William Wallace had far less to say for himself than the revolted natives in New Zealand have just now, but an English Governor would not have much mercy on any New Zealand chief who should go robbing and murdering through any English district, as William Wallace did through the northern districts of England. That William Wallace was a hero, and that William de Leyre sinned against all poetry and romance by acting as his gaoler, would indeed have been a new light to a London Alderman in the year 1305. These slips however do not detract from the essential value of Mr. Riley's book. It is altogether one of the best in the series.

WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.*

UNDER any circumstances, a new edition of Hogarth's works would be entitled to notice; but the one before us has this additional claim, that it is an attempt to carry out what we have reason to believe was the aim of Hogarth's life, even more than the attainment of wealth or fame as a painter. From the time when, to use the quaint words of his biographer, "the familiarity of the subject and the propriety of its execution made the 'Harlot's Progress' tasted by all ranks of people," to the close of his career, with that queer medley of caricature and pathos in which he took his farewell of art, popularity in the true sense of the word seems to have been the goal towards which he directed all his efforts. To appeal to as wide an audience as possible, to be a great popular painter whose works should be in every one's hands—in short, to be "tasted by all ranks of people"—was the position which we suspect it was Hogarth's ambition to achieve, far more than to establish himself as a master, or to win the approbation of the critical few. For the opinion of the latter he cared little. As he said himself, the connoisseurs and he were always at war. Now and then, it is true, he tried what he, with a snar, calls "the great style of History Painting;" but it was not to please them. He painted "The Good Samaritan" and "Sigismunda" defiantly, to prove to the connoisseurs that he could beat them at their own weapons, and, having to his own satisfaction proved it, he "returned to the pursuit of his former dealings with the public at large." The last words are his own, and they show clearly enough what his views were as to his province in art. What had he to do with the high-art folk? He had tried their system at the Academy in St. Martin's Lane, but he found St. Martin's Lane itself a far better school of design. The streets were his studio, and "the public at large" furnished him with models, and appreciated the portraits he drew. His apprenticeship to Gamble, too, gave him facilities such as no mere painter could have for bringing his ideas to bear upon this public. Thus Hogarth settled down into a producer of prints rather than a painter, painting even his best pictures more as sketches or designs for his engravings than anything else, and selling them off by auction after they had served his purpose, much as a builder would sell off scaffolding poles when he had finished a house. To this desire for a wide popularity and an extended audience, as much as to the natural downrightness of the man, must be attributed the extreme simplicity of his moral lessons and the directness of his satire. As Mr. Thackeray says, "Not one of his tales but is as easy as *Goody Two Shoes*; there is very little mistake about his satire: if he has to paint a man with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off." But that public at large whose sympathy Hogarth coveted was not to be reached by any round-about method. There would have been little use in appealing to them through allegory or symbolism. Nothing short of a fine large print and words of two syllables would have effected the object he had in view. Perhaps it is hard to help smiling when we read of his dishing up that uncommonly strong meat for

babes, "The Progress of Cruelty," on "wooden plates," because he "wished to diffuse the salutary example they contain as far as possible, by putting them within the reach of the meanest purchaser." But, after all, what better way could he have taken of preaching to possible Tom Neros than telling them bluntly that, if they began by torturing dogs, they would certainly end by being dissected at the College of Surgeons? It was quite in accordance with the popular notions of the time. They had no homœopathic mode of treatment for social disorders in those days—no reformatories or graduated scales of penal servitude. Their system was a simple one. They believed in black draught and actual cautery, and hanged freely.

In his own day, Hogarth must have been successful to his heart's content. If being pirated in every direction, seeing his works pasted on walls and painted on tea-cups and fans and fire-screens—if being dramatized and made the subject of some of the very worst verses that have ever been written—could make a man happy, he must have been a very happy man. In our day he has met with a different kind of appreciation. His works cannot be said to be tasted by all ranks of people, nor are his dealings with the public at large of that extended nature which was so great a source of pride to him. But, on the other hand, the connoisseurs and he are no longer at war. They have not, it is true, as yet recognised the great merits of Sigismunda. In spite of the existence of that work of art, Correggio is still thought something of. But they have assigned to Hogarth just as high a place among English painters as if he had proved himself a dangerous rival of the Italian masters. No doubt, if he could have known what it was to be, the verdict of posterity, as it is the fashion to call it, would have surprised and puzzled him a little. It would have struck him as rather strange that his claim to a high rank in the great style of history painting, even though backed up by Sigismunda, for which he refused to take less than five hundred pounds, was to be held not proven; while his position as a great painter was to be established by such pictures as "Marriage à la Mode," "The Rake's Progress," and others, which he himself had sold at prices ranging from fifteen to thirty guineas. Of course it would have gratified him that these works should find such critics as Coleridge, Lamb, and Thackeray; but, if he was the man we take him to have been, it would have been a disappointment to him that they should not be more popular with the people for whom he intended them. What he would have liked, we suspect, would have been to be told that a set of "Industry and Idleness" was to be the recognised ornament for the back-parlour of the small tradesman of posterity, and that cheap woodcuts of the "Four Stages of Cruelty" were to be pinned to the walls of every cottage, along with the "Prodigal Son" and "Abraham and Isaac." The day has gone by when pictures like Hogarth's could gain this kind of popularity. The old-fashioned homely style of preaching is out of date. Even in children's books we find no more Tommies and Harrys. The boy who always washed his face, went to school in good time, and succeeded in life, and the per contra boy, who tore his jacket and played truant and failed, have quite died out of juvenile literature, and the only persons who still cling to this inartificial mode of inculcating moral truths seem to be Mr. George Cruikshank and the Temperance advocates. A more methodical treatment for social ailments is required as society becomes more complicated. It is like the case of the village that has grown into a town. As long as it was a village, it was doctored by Lady Bountiful, and swallowed the boluses and mixtures of the Parson's wife in perfect faith and contentment; but, grown into a town, it must have a brace of M.D.'s, who give it tonics and tinctures, and call its old friend rheumatism neuralgia. Somewhat in this manner the salutary example contained in Hogarth's works has ceased to be an element in their popularity. We have got a more efficient machinery for checking Tom Nero-like propensities than four plates filled with horrors. We have better ways of making Master Rakewell keep his rakishness within at any rate decent bounds than threatening him with the Bench and Bedlam; and if public opinion and Sir Cresswell Cresswell have not succeeded in altogether preventing the consequences of marriages à la mode, they have at least expressed themselves so strongly as to render pictorial denunciation unnecessary. But if we do not now set a high value on Hogarth's worth as a moral teacher, it does not follow that we do him an injustice. It is, in fact, that he has done his work. He and his like are but the pioneers of social reform; and, as Mr. Hannay says, in the essay which accompanies this edition, "We may honestly claim for Hogarth this much, that wherever there has been improvement, it has been improvement of a kind which he was labouring in his time to bring about."

In these days, it is on his excellence as a painter, his value as an illustrator of the life and manners of his time, and, above all, his wit and humour, that Hogarth's popularity must depend. With regard to the first, he has scarcely ever had justice done to him. Perhaps it is the subjects he selected, and his manner of treating them, that have caused the merits of his pictures, as mere works of art, to be, to some extent, overlooked. But even if divested of the humour, wit, and pathos with which they teem, they would still entitle Hogarth to something more than a respectable place among modern painters. As compositions, they are, as a general rule, admirable. Indeed, in one respect—in the management of a crowd—Hogarth may be almost said to be unrivalled. In painting a great assemblage of people, as in the

* The Complete Works of William Hogarth. In a Series of 150 Steel Engravings from the Original Pictures, with an Introductory Essay by James Hannay, and Descriptive Letter-press by the Rev. J. Trusler and E. F. Roberts. Griffin and Co.

"March to Finchley," "Southwark Fair," and the Tyburn scene in "Industry and Idleness," he never contents himself with a mere series of groups, or else an accumulation of heads with no more individuality than so many bullets cast in the same mould. He has a wonderful knack of knitting together a mass of humanity. No figure ever appears to have been painted in for the sake of filling up a vacant space; but each, although perfectly individualized, and in itself a distinct study, seems always to be a necessary part of the whole. To come to more technical, but to us not less important, merits, there is about all his works a genuineness in the execution that is very characteristic of the man. Any one who examines his original pictures will see that "honest Hogarth," as Mr. Thackeray very properly calls him, scorned all ephemeral effects and dodges in colouring. His colouring is good, but it is also lasting. While Reynolds's fade and Turner's scale, "Marriage à la Mode" and the "March to Finchley" are as bright and fresh, to all appearance, as when they left the easel. Of course, for points of this sort, recourse must be had to the original paintings, and these are unfortunately not always accessible. Londoners, if they feel themselves equal to three or four separate journeys, have within their reach the "Marriage à la Mode," the "March to Finchley," the "Rake's Progress," the Election Series, and one or two more, but his other works are so scattered that their whereabouts is quite a matter of research. Some, to be sure, may be accounted for by fire, which seems to follow Hogarth like a kind of fate. The originals of the "Harlot's Progress" were burned in 1755. At the burning of Covent Garden Theatre, a few years ago, four pictures which had never been engraved were destroyed; and the "Rake's Progress," in Sir John Soane's Museum, narrowly escaped the same fate, two or three of the paintings being actually injured. Nor did it confine itself to his pictures, for if the old magazine which Nichols quotes is to be depended upon—on "June 11, 1735, died Mrs. Hogarth, mother to the celebrated painter, of a fright from the fire which broke out in the house of Mrs. Calloway, who kept a brandy shop in Cecil-court, St. Martin's-lane." At the Manchester Exhibition, a good number of original Hogarth's were got together, and something of the same sort, but on a larger scale, might easily be done at the coming Exhibition of 1862. The National Gallery, Sir John Soane's Museum, and the Foundling Hospital would no doubt lend their specimens; and if the scheme were properly published, a great many more would be obtained from the private galleries where they are now hidden, and a collection formed which would do justice before the world to a great English painter, and one who, as far as an individual can be, is a school of painting in himself.

For all that is most characteristic in Hogarth, however, tolerably well executed engravings are just as good as the original pictures, and this edition deserves at least this much praise. The plates are in general well executed, and have the merit of distinctness—a quality very necessary in Hogarth's pictures, where rare humour often lurks in minute inscriptions and odd trifles introduced as accessories. If not exactly within the reach of the meanest purchaser, as Hogarth himself would have wished, it is at least within the reach of the majority, for besides appearing in the form of the handsome volume before us, it is also in course of publication in numbers for the convenience of those who prefer to buy by instalments. The quantity of letterpress might perhaps have been reduced with advantage. We cannot see that a sort of moral novel, in the Tommy and Harry style, adds anything to "Industry and Idleness," though it certainly does a good deal to the bulk and weight of the book. This objection must not be considered to extend to Mr. Hannay's thoughtful essay on "Hogarth as a Satirist," to which we have already referred. With all that Mr. Hannay says about the tendency of Hogarth's satire we altogether agree. If we were inclined to differ with him on any point, it would be upon his comparison of Hogarth as a satirist with Swift. It is true they have a great many points in common. As he says, they are both "masters of a broad popular comedy," and from their works, better than from any others, we can reproduce the outward life of the English during the early period of the Hanover dynasty. Swift's "City Shower" is a thoroughly Hogarthian picture in verse; and the Election entertainment looks like a pictorial version of some "excellent new song" out of Swift's Miscellanies. But we think the resemblance ends here. While Swift, as a satirist, is savage, and Pope bitter, Hogarth is only earnest. True it is, that, as Mr. Thackeray says, a glimpse of pity for his rogues never seems to enter his mind, but that was because his mind was quite convinced that they were rogues. He laid on the rod unsparingly, not because he took any pleasure in the operation, as Swift and Pope evidently did, but because he believed there was a child in danger of being spoiled. One of his best-known works, the "Distressed Poet," is confessedly a working out of one of the popular ideas of his day—that of the starving poet scribbling desperately in his garret. It has even, as originally published, four lines of the *Dunciad* inscribed beneath it. But how different is Hogarth's treatment of the subject from that of his contemporaries! Swift would have slashed him from head to foot with savage cuts; Pope would have stabbed him through and through with his polished stiletto; but Hogarth tickles the poor bardling with his pencil. He has made him very miserable, certainly, as far as empty cupboard, ragged dressing-gown, unpaid milk scores, and unmanageable rhymes can do it, and never was drawn a more comically piteous face than he has given him. But what a number of gentle, tender touches are scattered about

the room! Hogarth must have had a sort of affection for that poet, or he would never have given him a wife like the one that looks up from mending the poor fellow's only pair of breeches, and turns towards the milkwoman one of the very sweetest of "the beautiful female faces" that Coleridge speaks of. The squalling of the baby is perhaps not favourable to composition just now, but still a ragged poet and father may be fond of a baby. Even the cat nursing its kittens upon the coat has a something about it that makes the wretched garret seem more like a home than the den Swift or Pope would have painted.

PERRY'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

MR. PERRY is right in assuming that we have no good history of the Church of England. The qualifications for writing one are not of a common kind, at least in their combination. It need not be said that the historian must be learned, fair, candid, fearless, with a high standard of judgment for men and principles, a sound power of discrimination, and a philosophical mind. These qualities, rare as they are, are the least of what is needed. He ought to be able to appreciate and enter into the widely opposite and antagonist tendencies which have marked the history of the English Church, and to do so with the sympathy derived from a profound understanding of their grounds and a respectful interest in their aims. He ought to be able to feel the strength of the case, and to share all that is not bad and base in the zeal of each party; to reproduce in himself those elementary views of man's position and prospects in the world which were clear and strong enough, however one-sided and imperfect, to be the parents of great movements; to realize the principles, the moral axioms and moral limits, of the Puritan as well as of the Catholic, of the Latitudinarian as well as of the Dogmatist. He ought to be a layman, in order to treat the subject with that freedom and that evenness of mind which are easy only to laymen. He ought to be a clergyman, in order to do justice to the difficulties and the prejudices, as well as to the feelings, spirit, and objects of a class of men who had a great office to discharge, peculiar in its functions and trials, and whose various modes of discharging it are a chief feature in a Church history. Besides this, English Church history has the additional difficulty, that it fails in those broad characters of interest which are to be found elsewhere. English religious contests, English theological literature, have little meaning except to Englishmen. The grand, the universal, the romantic belong to movements like Luther's, to theological systems like Calvin's, to enterprises like that of the Jesuits, to persecutions like that of the Port-Royalists, to preaching like that of Bossuet, to pastoral labours like those of Borromeo and Vincent de Paul. Compared with these, with which the civilized world has rung, our insular controversies seem petty—the vicissitudes of our party strife unimportant—our divinity narrow, fragmentary, occasional—the influence of our system temporary and uninspiring. The outside and superficial aspect of English Church history is, it must be confessed, rather a dry one. Yet no one who knows anything of England can believe that it is so really. The history of religion and of the Church of England is interwoven with the most important political and social history of modern times. The issue of our insular theological discussions is that the most busy and successful of races is more than ever deeply and solemnly interested in religion, and that the most widely cultivated of European societies is also the most religious. There must be an account to be given of this, equal in interest to the interest of the phenomenon itself. There must have been life, power, meaning, eventful truth, hidden under those agitations of religious opinion which—sometimes so uncouth, sometimes so blundering and purblind—have among us dealt with great principles under technical details and in clumsy forms of argument, and so have seldom excited attention beyond our own shores. And we know that there has been all this. We know that in our desultory and ill-conceived theological treatises there are scattered about thought and eloquence, and a firm grasp of the reality of things, which hardly have their match elsewhere. Under the uninviting and homely appearance which the progress of English Church history presents, there has been really, in almost every period of it, the manly and earnest effort after religious truth and religious improvement. A history of which this can be said certainly need not be a dry one; but it needs an historian who can penetrate beneath the shell of things, and can make us sympathize with his own perceptions of what is noble and high, and of universal interest, when they are veiled under what is commonplace and coarse. In addition to other qualifications, the writer of a good history of the Church of England ought to have this one. If all this is more than we can expect, it is a proof that the time has not come for such a history to be written.

But previous histories may be improved upon, though we have still to wait for the history which we can imagine and might wish to see. Mr. Perry's volume is such an improvement. He proposes to write "the History of the Post-Reformation period in sufficient detail to interest, and with fairness and impartiality;" and this volume, comprising the history of the English Church

* *The History of the Church of England, from the Death of Elizabeth to the Present Time.* By Rev. G. G. Perry, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. London: Saunders and Otley. 1861.

from the death of Elizabeth to the eve of the Long Parliament, is the first instalment of his undertaking. And he has gone over a difficult and confused period, full of questions which are still exciting ones, and of points which try our candour, in a way which does credit to his sense of the historian's duty. He has taken pains with his subject, and he has a competent command over the ordinary literature belonging to it; though he does not show signs of having gone very far beyond the ordinary literature, and is too much in the habit of quoting secondhand judgments from modern writers where he ought to have taken the pains to think out and justify one of his own. The opinion of Mr. Hallam, though not always beyond question, is always worth calling to mind; but the same importance cannot be claimed for those of Mr. Masson or Mr. Marsden, to whom Mr. Perry so frequently refers for confirmation in his foot-notes. In weighing the merits and demerits of the different actors in that time of strife, Mr. Perry does his best to be evenhanded. He writes as an English clergyman, and shows a natural pride in the English Church, and loyalty to her cause. But he makes no attempt to conceal the faults of those who were forward on her side, and he is at least as severe on the mistakes and severity of Bancroft and Laud as he is on the wrongheadedness of their opponents. He takes the common sense view, which most persons would accept now, of the folly and iniquity of the means adopted under the first Stuart kings to enforce conformity, and declines to admit any palliation for them drawn from the habits of the times or the character of their opponents. He is, above all things, careful not to incur the reproach of suppressing truth against the best of churchmen; and it must be confessed that his book is a melancholy and almost unvaried recital of blunders and crimes on the part of the kings and bishops of the seventeenth century—the men to whom the modern Church of England owes so much of its peculiar character.

The honesty and courage which Mr. Perry shows give value to his work. Yet we may observe that they are not so difficult now as they might have been a score of years ago. Mr. Perry reflects the ordinary way of judging of these things in our times. We no longer find it so hard as it used to be found to see the faults of both sides, and to admit that they who were on our side in principle were perhaps the most to blame in their way of maintaining their principles. We look for something more in an historical writer than this impartiality in acknowledging and describing the faults of parties. They are for the most part on the surface, and are easily seen. There is a higher kind of impartiality, which consists in discerning and discriminating excellences, and in pronouncing between the claims of rival ones. In this less superficial part of the subject, Mr. Perry seems to us at fault, and leaves us unsatisfied. His reflections on the higher aspects and aims of both parties in the great strife are crude or commonplace. For that there were high aims on both sides, in the midst of all the miserable narrowmindedness and outrageous wrongdoing which comes to the surface—that both sides were fighting earnestly for great truths which it would have been most melancholy for English society to have missed, and which to all appearance it might have missed without the coarse and repulsive and unjustifiable championship which was the unhappy fashion of those times—is the impression which grows the more that history is calmly and thoroughly explored. Ill as we could afford to do without the Puritan stand for liberty, for personal convictions, for the sanctity and greatness of inward religion, as little should we have any reason to congratulate ourselves if the Puritan movement had had its way unchecked by a party opposition which was in its methods scarcely distinguishable from the system of the contemporary Roman Catholic Governments and Church. The religious party of which Laud was the representative—which, when in possession of power, used it so ill and so stupidly, and allied itself with almost the worst form of despotism ever seen in England—had a horizon of religious truth far wider and more hopeful than the Puritans; and if a larger and more generous theology than that of the best school of these Calvinistic teachers—larger and more generous in its connexion both with the belief of the whole Christian Church and with human experience and philosophy—has taken root in the English Church, it was the High Churchmen who understood its value and planted it. Mr. Perry is perfectly aware of this, and keeps it before us; but he looks at it mostly from the outside, and does not show that he has penetrated very far into the real spirit and ideas of either Puritans or Churchmen. He raised our expectations by stating in his preface that he had made "the attempt to review and present the substance of the principal works of divinity of the period." Such a review, adequately executed, would be of the highest interest. But his attempt is a disappointing one. He confines himself mostly to the better-known divines of the Church, and seems scarcely acquainted with the Puritans except in their historians; and his criticism hardly goes much below external peculiarities, or takes hold of the deeper and more important characters of the writers whom he notices. He expatiates on the grotesque torturing of phrases which is the first thing to strike a reader of Andrewes' sermons; but he does not add much to our knowledge of what there is underneath the strange form of composition, or what it was which gave his influence and reputation to the leading Church preacher of his day.

Mr. Perry seems to us to want versatility and power in dealing with characters, seizing what is vital and effective amid the confusion of ideas and systems, and tracing the transitions,

affinities, and shadings off which are to be observed in a time of active religious thought. He wants, also, compactness and skill of arrangement in managing his complicated and often obscure subject. But he has put before us, in considerable detail, a picture of the outward appearance and course of things in the English Church during the time treated of; and both in the facts selected and the straightforward way in which they are treated, there is more to interest the general reader than in previous attempts to deal popularly with this period of Church history. In his succeeding volumes Mr. Perry ought to pay more attention to his style. He sometimes mistakes slovenliness for ease and spirit; his metaphors, phrases, and touches of irony are occasionally of that well-worn stamp which is characteristic of the mental indigence and necessities of third-rate oratory, but which a leisurely power of selection ought to exclude; and his sentences are sometimes obscure from faults of grammar. When we are told that King James was made, by his preachers, "to look small in the eyes of foreign nations"—that he had a "prospect of the English throne looming in the distance"—that he "had a finger in all the disputes in Europe"—that the Arminians "were in his bad books"—that "Dr. Laisfield, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was great in architecture"—that no one will now "endorse unreservedly Peter Heylin's invectives;" and when we meet with "intensely" as a favourite word for the superlative degree—though we may recognise the expressions as serving us conveniently when we talk at our ease, we prefer not to meet them without special reason in a serious history. Mr. Perry should remember, too, that the figure of speech which consists in understating what we mean requires, in writing, a caution in its use which may not be so necessary in conversation, where we may eke out the weakness of words by the irony of our look or tone. In describing the protracted controversy between Whitgift and Cartwright, which ended in Whitgift, as Vice-Chancellor, depriving his antagonist of his professorship, Mr. Perry hardly does justice to Whitgift's proceeding, by saying that "he appears to have taken a rather unfair advantage of his opponent." When it is said that "the party of Gomar and the Calvinists would hardly have been able to triumph so easily had it not been for the *unfortunate quarrel* between Prince Maurice, and the Pensionary Barneveldt and the learned Grotius," the expression creates something of surprise, when we are told in the next sentence that it was a quarrel which led "to the judicial murder of Barneveldt and the imprisonment of Grotius." There are so few persons who would controvert the statement that "a Roman Catholic layman who turns against his priest cannot be held to be acting in the spirit of the religion which he professes," that we cannot help wondering that Mr. Perry should think it worth while to advance it. And it sounds odd to read, in his account of King James's Treatise on the Lord's Prayer, that besides some attacks on heretics, "we have some amusing stories told to relieve the *dryness of the subject*." These are indications of want of care in revision and finish. Mr. Perry should also be on his guard against a tendency to repetition. And he should not allow the handsome printing of his book to be spoiled by too frequent and sometimes absurd misprints.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO SURREY.*

THE returning summer has again brought Guide Book literature into prominence. Mr. Murray's excellent red Hand-books go into new editions—even Mr. Walcott's compilations find a sale among home tourists—and a host of publishers cater, with more or less judgment and success, to the supposed wants and tastes of the travelling public. We are of those who, without decrying foreign travel, believe that there is much to be seen at home; so that we welcome with satisfaction the appearance of the new *Guidebook to the County of Surrey*, which we owe to Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh, in spite of the ground being so well preoccupied by the Murray series. We only wish that we could give the work more unqualified commendation.

Of all the Home counties, as they are called, Surrey is the most attractive, as being the most varied in soil, character, and scenery. There are many Londoners who do not know a hundredth part of the natural beauties which lie within the radius of thirty miles south and south-west of Charing Cross. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the county, considering its nearness to London, is the surprising extent of wild unenclosed land contained within its limits. Not to speak of Banstead Downs on the south, or the Chobham Ridges on the west, there is a tract of woodlands or commons reaching nearly from Richmond to Croydon; and there is reason to think that most of the Surrey heaths will remain for ever uninclosed, or, at least, be only planted with timber, since the poverty of the soil would not repay the cost of cultivation. It is impossible to estimate the value of so much open and beautiful scenery within easy reach of our crowded capital. The chalk range of the North Downs, traversing the whole length of Surrey from Godstone on the east to the famous Hog's Back and Farnham on the west, and the still more beautiful advanced rampart, so to say, of the Green-sand formation, culminating in Leith Hill, which overlooks

* *Black's Guide to the History, Antiquities, and Topography of the County of Surrey. With Map and Numerous Illustrations.* Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1861.

the great Wealden valley, and bounds the county towards Sussex, will never cease to be the special delight and the type of lovely scenery to the untravelling Londoner. It is curious to observe, in the yearly exhibitions of pictures, how many more scraps of scenery Surrey affords our painters than any other of the Home counties. The beauty of the landscapes seen from Richmond Hill, Hind Head, and Box Hill is proverbial; and what English rivers are better known than the "chalky Wey" and Spenser's "nousing Mole?" A better subject for a topographical monograph than this charming county it would be impossible to find.

The editor of the work before us claims for it the distinctive merit of a clear and comprehensive plan, which shall be as convenient to the tourist as it is useful in the way of reference to the resident. We cannot agree with him. Next to the strictly topographical arrangement which follows recognised districts, political or natural, we have a weakness, in *home* guide-books, for that of the alphabet. Here we have a most arbitrary division of the county into five self-defined districts, in each of which a town is taken as a presumed centre of small tours and excursions which shall embrace the whole neighbourhood. Is it supposed that any one will ever "do" Surrey in this formal manner? Imagine a man devoting twenty-six days to a regular exploration of the county by so many "sub-routes," radiating from Croydon, Reigate, Guildford, Chertsey, and Kingston, respectively! It is strange that people do not see that a strict alphabetical arrangement of places, or else a topography with an ample index, is equally useful to the occasional traveller and to the resident. An alphabetical order and a trustworthy map make a good Guide-book, though in themselves they do not constitute a county history. In the case of the work before us, the map is comparatively useless. Its scale is only three-eighths of an inch to a mile; very few of the churches are marked upon it; and the roads are not so laid down as to be safe guides to the pedestrian. For example, the village of Lingfield would appear from the map to have no roads at all approaching it. The illustrations, also, with which the volume is garnished, are both ill-chosen and ill-executed.

The compiler begins with a very brief description of the physical geography of the county, chiefly borrowed from Dr. Mantell. Then follows an historical summary, with sections on the general antiquities, the manufactures, the parochial, parliamentary, and ecclesiastical divisions of the county, besides statistical tables, and separate chapters on the suburban boroughs of Southwark and Lambeth. These are far too sketchy to be of much use in the way of reference. After them come the five divisions noticed above, each with its sub-routes in order. The notices of particular places are in general not ill-written; and it is decidedly a good feature to incorporate, as the compiler has done, some of the more interesting archaeological details which may be gathered from more formal county histories. It is another question whether the author's boast is a true one, that his little guidebook "embraces all that is valuable in the ponderous quartos of its predecessors, as well as the results of his own inquiries." But, whatever may be said as to the antiquarian part of the work, the modern information, at least, is not always accurate. The compiler has not "posted up" his facts to the last moment. We observe, for instance, that credit is not given to the authorities for throwing open the Dulwich Gallery to the public. The author mentions the late regulations about obtaining tickets of admission from certain London print-sellers as though they were still in force. He is equally untrustworthy with respect to the present owners or occupiers of seats, or the incumbents of benefices. For example, the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol still figures in these pages as the Rector of Limpsfield; and the Right Hon. H. Goulburn is supposed to be still alive, and the patron of the church at Brockham. Nor, again, does the compiler seem to have known that the little church of Titsey has been rebuilt, so that the village can no longer be charged with possessing "one of the meanest ecclesiastical erections in Surrey."

We observe another inaccuracy in the account of Crowhurst, a village still in the same south-eastern part of the county. The words "east" and "west" are transposed in describing its position as regards the two nearest railway stations. A monumental tablet of east-iron in Crowhurst church is duly commemorated, but the author has neglected to mention that such memorials are not uncommon in the adjoining Weald of Kent and Sussex, which was the chief seat of iron manufacture in England before the great coal and iron fields of Staffordshire began to be worked. Then, again, the compiler halts in his Latin. We are told to believe that the famous Deepdene contains such a false concord as this among its votive inscriptions—"Fratri Optimus H. P. H. To the best of brothers, Henry Philip Hope." The fact is, that Thomas Hope commemorated a rare act of generosity on the part of his brother by the inscription "Fratri Optimo H. P. H." These fifteen letters have been a strange stumbling-block to topographers. Mr. Timbs, in his *Picturesque Promenade round Dorking*, his maiden work, published in 1823, spells the two words correctly, but omits the initials. Brayley's *History of Surrey* gives "Optimo," an error followed in *Murray's Handbook*, with the additional error of converting the initials into "H. T. H.," while Black caps the chapter of blunders with a false concord. The *Handbook of Dorking*, published in 1855, alone avoids error by omitting the inscription altogether. The English version is a gratuitous addition of the guidebook. Nor is it likely that a seventeenth century epitaph in Horley Church

runs thus:—"M.S. Gulielmi Brown, pastori hujus ecclesie." Once more, "*Incedis cineres*—you walk upon the ashes of heroes," is not exactly a correct quotation from Horace. Then to come down to English. We have often read of people dying "seized off" such and such a manor. But our author boldly asserts of Croydon that—"After the Conquest the manor was seized by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury." The style in which the text is written is perhaps generally less flowery than is usual in guide-books. Still there are many affectations. Queen Elizabeth, for instance, is almost invariably called "Gloriana," within commas; and we notice some newly coined words, such as "coolsome," an epithet for a shady lane, which elsewhere recurs in the superlative, as "coolsomest." In spite, however, of these blemishes, the book is really by no means unpleasant reading; and an immense amount of information is conveyed in a very condensed form.

But it is much better when it is dealing with ordinary places than when it treats of the choice spots of the county. A very fair account is given of Bletchingley, the rotten borough which returned Lord Palmerston to the last unreformed Parliament; and more is told of the "four places on the hills" (as the natives call the out-of-the-way upland villages of Warlingham, Woldingham, Chelsham, and Caterham), than is known to most residents in the neighbourhood. But if we turn to such names as Wotton and Farnham we are disappointed. Not content with letting Aubrey and Evelyn tell us about the former in their own quaint way, the author goes at once to a higher though more recent authority. We read, "The mansion at Wotton (says Proverbial-Philosophy-Tupper) is a brick-built, large, and irregular pile; has its terraced-out hill, temple, fountains, conservatories, woods, and waters; within are the average amount of ancient and artistic objects common to the many fine seats of Surrey; an earthen vase of gold coin formed (*sic*) within the manor, and some personal reliques of Sylvan Evelyn, may be particularized." We do not profess to understand the whole of this passage, particularly the clause about the earthen vase, but we suppose that it has some meaning. Once or twice the suspicion crossed our mind that perhaps this "popular author," as he is termed elsewhere, and the anonymous compiler of this guide-book, are one and the same person. At any rate there can be no doubt that the compiler thinks the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* the greatest contemporary celebrity of the county, for the only living name commemorated in the index is that of Mr. Martin Tupper, as having his residence at Albury. Here is a tawdry description of the Wotton Gardens:—

The gardens are very beautiful, with a certain antique preciseness about them, which to us is very agreeable. Opposite the house rises an elevated mound, shaped into terraces, and richly clothed with turf; and at other points shimmer musical fountains and chiming falls. The walks are stored with goodly trees, noble evergreens, and many-coloured blossoms, and a bright stream flashes its silver among them, dimpling here and there into delicious pools.

The account of Farnham is still less satisfactory. The author, who is generally careful enough to trace manorial descents, does not mention the very early date at which Farnham became the property of the see of Winchester. Indeed, he does not seem to know that the Castle was built by King Stephen's brother, Henry of Blois, not in his capacity of "a bold and turbulent baron," but as Bishop of Winchester; and he seems to imply that it "was made their place of residence" by the incumbents of that see when they rebuilt it, after its destruction by Henry III., as though for the first time. It is most important that the people of Surrey should be reminded that Farnham has belonged to the church of Winchester for more than a thousand years. It is rumoured that, at the next vacancy of the see, the manor is to be sold by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But it will be a disgrace to the churchmen of Surrey and Hampshire if they allow this deeply interesting place to be alienated from the see, after a connexion with it which has lasted more than ten centuries. Such associations are far too precious to be lightly broken; and we are quite sure that if Farnham Castle is suffered to pass into other hands, the time will come when it will be deeply but unavailingly regretted. The place itself is full of ecclesiastical interest, and is quite unsuitable, as it stands, for a lay occupant. If the estate and house are of necessity to be sold, it will surely be easy for so wealthy a diocese to purchase it, and to hold it in trust for the use of the bishop for the time being.

The notice of Losely Hall, near Guildford—thanks, perhaps, to Mr. S. C. Hall—is considerably better. We looked to Compton, to see what the author said of its very curious church. The account is borrowed from Brayley. Nothing is said of the curious library which formerly occupied the upper story of the chancel of this building; but the upper chapel itself is said to be now used as two pews. A worse or more inconvenient destination could scarcely have been found for this almost unique arrangement. It will be seen that this Guidebook, though having good points, is very far from perfect. But it is not impossible that it may be improved in future editions to something very much more satisfactory.

SAVONAROLA.*

THE orations and treatises of Savonarola have been diligently examined with the intention of approving or condemning any discoverable anticipations of Protestant tenets; but we can

* *La Storia di Girolamo Savonarola, e de' suoi Tempi, narrata da Pasquale Villari, con l'aiuto di nuovi documenti.* Firenze: Felice le Monnier, 1861.

scarcely apprehend that his authority, in a polemical sphere, can anywhere recover or preserve a great amount of consideration in the present times. For he certainly displayed, as a doctrinal writer, much more of a meditative and imaginative than of a scrutinizing faculty; while, again, as an active opponent of the existing powers of the Church, he was animated, no doubt, by generous impulses, but was little able to shape them into any regular or colourable plan of conduct, such as any friend of consistency or good principle could at a distance contemplate as exemplary. It is well that the theme should have been resigned by those who would either have held him up to scorn or reprobation, or sought to canonize him as a martyr, and that his character should at last be presented as an ordinary subject for the estimation of human judgment and the sympathy of human fallibility. It has been the more genially treated by Signor Villari, because, as a countryman and co-religionist of Savonarola's, and familiar with the same principles of philosophy, he has been able to observe in a cool, but convincing manner, the very Roman Catholic character of some productions and expressions that have been misrepresented; while, at the same time, not being anxious to dwell on points of this kind, he has concentrated our interest upon the conduct of the man in given circumstances, and with reference to established principles. The research of a faithful biographer is apparent in the numerous and rare documents which have been collected and appended to the second volume, while there are signs of a classical taste in the conciseness and relevancy of the excerpts embodied in the text—which, indeed, might easily have been amplified from the materials that were at hand, so as to provide more amusement to ordinary readers. If there is one habit that we could especially desire in the professed historian, it would be that he should more often rise above the merely biographical point of view; or, in other words, that, as he follows carefully the inward convictions and impulses of his hero, he should also have more broadly considered the external tendencies of his course of action, with its relations both to the spirit of human laws and to that which will be the supreme law in worldly affairs—the preservation of the commonweal from direct detriment or pernicious precedent. For Savonarola's is one of those characters which it is well and easy for posterity to discuss with a philosophical or sentimental interest, but with whom contemporaries and neighbours seem always driven, "by fatal course annexed," to deal on very stringent and material principles. We mean that, as there can scarcely be a greater criminal against heaven and human society than a lying prophet, so the presence of a self-imagined one, with whatever plausible indications of innocence or of holiness of manners, is a spectacle generally calculated to frighten human jurisprudence out of her propriety. And naturally; for if the illusions are ever so excusable in a moral view, the men are not a whit the less, in their civic and political relations, the most dangerous and pernicious that could be encountered; since you cannot tell to what extent the judgment and conscience of the public may be unsettled and stultified by their pretensions. Mr. Carlyle, in treating of the Hero as Prophet, has in a manner striven to vindicate the honesty of even Mahomet's claims to inspiration; but his most eloquent and ingenious expositions of spiritual influences would scarcely have saved the Arab revivalist, had the latter fallen into the hands of even a moderate Christian bishop, from being handed over to the secular arm after a very meagre and summary examination. Put for Mahomet (though the transition is a monstrous one) a well-nurtured Christian virgin, whose visions have been inimical to the temporal powers, and you will find her persecuted, by law or against law, with the most unscrupulous determination. Follow the particulars of Joan of Arc's trial, as far as you will, with pity and indignation; but you must allow it to be all but inconceivable, as a moral possibility, that her adversaries could have stopped short of her destruction, as they would thereby have admitted, in the face of superstitious Europe, that they themselves had been *Σοφιστοί*, obstinate resistors of Providence and inspiration, instead of having been resistors of the devil.

When the "prophet" of Florence falls into the hands of his enemies, Signor Villari examines with keen scrutiny and proper human feeling the circumstances of fraud and cruelty by which the proceedings against him are accompanied. But he does not avow a thing which can hardly fail to strike the reader—that Savonarola had made himself absolutely insupportable and impossible to Alexander VI. as Pope of Rome, if even the Borgia had been personally disposed to amend his evil life and administration. Savonarola had defied the pontifical censures, not on any grounds of law or order, but on grounds of private conviction and illumination which seemed to make all government invalid. He had not made a stand on the ecclesiastical rights of the people, like an Independent, nor on the controlling sanctity of the secular power, like an old Ghibelline or a Tudor prelatist, but on a vague right of insurrection; so that no power or party could consistently make common cause with him, but every element of impotent and disorderly faction was powerfully attracted to his cause, which was that of anarchy and revolution *en permanence*. Then he had summoned the kings of Europe to hold a council and depose the Pope; he had implicitly summoned Charles of France, with a "barbarian" army, to meddle in the proud Peninsula, "in the name of God omnipotent;" and he had aggravated his personal offensiveness by an arrogance and levity in the language of his discourses from the

pulpit of which scarcely a notion can be formed from general descriptions. He had involved the Pope in a deadly struggle, in which even a milder antagonist would hardly have dared to pardon him. And the people of Florence, no less than the neighbouring potentates, had been brought to appreciate a State necessity, though by a different process. They had put their trust, not in the principles of Savonarola, but in a coarsely conceived opinion of his intercourse with the invisible powers; and when he failed to confirm this by a miracle—which was demanded certainly under absurd conditions—his fellow citizens fell from him with astounding precipitation. The Roman Pontiff, like the wolf of Dante, had pursued his opponent with unremitting hostility and "ravenous hunger." The Florentine democracy had been the same fierce and fickle leopard that the poet painted, whom the latter had at one time hoped to capture even with his girdle, to decorate himself with its bright-furred body, and by whose piercing talons he had in another moment feared to perish. In the crowd which Savonarola had governed, he was near being torn to pieces. Some of his assailants, after the sacking of the convent of San Marco, did not scruple to parody the most tremendous scenes in sacred history—"Prophecy who it is that smote thee"—a trait of horrible levity, and followed by a coarser one which we omit; but there may be reason to suppose that Savonarola's mode of preaching had contributed to render such things possible. However, the proceedings against him by the popular magistrates, and afterwards by the Pope's Commissioners, manifested, in their very enormity, some dread of public opinion and some touches of equivocal scrupulosity. The amount of torture to which he was subjected was dissembled; the minutes of some of his depositions were garbled (though so as to retain much characteristic matter), and a more apocryphal report of some of them, which had been drawn up for public circulation, was suppressed when the fgment had proved too clumsy. And he was not ultimately burned *alive*, as may be supposed from some careless notices, but after hanging. And let us not exaggerate the tyranny of the Papal commissaries because the idea of torture in any case is repugnant to modern feelings of humanity. The "rope" was then an established, and passed for a necessary, expedient in judicial processes. Nor was the infliction a very severe one in itself, though it was often made so by violent and continuous repetitions. But it is admitted that there was no little quibbling and mysterious language in Savonarola's depositions, at least on the subject of his prophetic powers, which may have drawn the inquisitors into a rigour such as they did not at first contemplate. And when we see how they wormed out of him the gradual process by which the commentator on prophecy had become the original seer, and the visions of the proselyte had confirmed the visions of the prompter, we can scarcely resist the intolerant wish that some more modern illuminati, the founders of widespread schools, had been subjected to a little pressure of the same nature.

We must further own that we do not see that substantial worth in Savonarola's ideas, nor that solid strength in his intellect, which his biographer thinks he discovers. He is not a man directly fitted to correct the ideas of his contemporaries or add to their stores of wisdom, but much rather to intensify public errors, by force of imagination and susceptibility, till he has unwittingly prepared the hypothesis for its *reductio ad absurdum*—as in the fire-trial. Nor does he always lead the faith of others; but his notions gain strength and extravagance as they are favourably listened to, either by the crowds out of doors, or the most simple-minded of his own fraternity. So that Pope Alexander fairly said of him, that he was "sped" by the "wind of the Florentines—the most credulous of mankind"—who consulted him as a "Delphic oracle," and favoured in him "a monstrous idol." He had no strength in his intelligence to resist the influences of the age upon a nature of morbid sensitiveness; for he was exactly the false prophet that comes with wars and rumours of wars, and that is made and moulded by them, inasmuch as he sees no principle of goodness in things evil. When he is surrounded by discord and faction, corrupt manners in high places and decay in the faith of the upper classes, then he thinks, like most of the vulgar, that Nature and Humanity are given over to the evil one, and can only be rescued—the one by praying for miracles and avatars, the other by the unmanliness of a Muse-quelling and Hymen-troubling asceticism; and so he becomes the leader of the public panic, because he represents it by the most dismal wailing. Savonarola's boldness—for he very often is bold—is mainly grounded on unwarrantable desperation. He becomes a recluse, because there is no hope for citizens among the "wicked Italian people;" and so, because there is no hope for the ruler of his Church, he sets up the principles of anarchy. How the present biographer should associate the man's name with Columbus and Leibnitz, and make him out a precursor of the Renaissance and of the modern civilization which works and hopes for and through the vast future of the race, is inconceivable to us.

Still more questionable is the judgment which claims him as a champion of liberty, because, forsooth, he disputed the infallibility, in judicial matters, of the Pope at Rome, while he himself was setting up at Florence a kind of Caliphate. Perhaps it may be said that his irregular dietatorial powers were indispensable, for the nonce, in that turbulent and mutable municipality. Popes and dukes, and the Holy Roman Empire, and even the red-capped goddess went soon out of fashion there, and nothing further

could be tried, except a prophet and commander of the faithful with the machinery of a limited republic. But the friar's power and influence, we apprehend, were growing Italian, and even European, had not hemp arrested them. And what can be said of that weak and violent temper in his legislation which confounded all moral and religious rules with civil law, and pretended to enforce purity and gravity of behaviour, in the slightest details, by penal enactments or official censures?

On the subjective character of Savonarola our author writes both honestly and naturally, and we would not grudge him any success as his apologist. But on the merits and tendencies of the public man, he is drawn by his sympathies into views which are strange and almost unintelligible. After showing that Savonarola had next to nothing in common with the leaders of the Protestant Reformation, he concludes:—

He embraced a world that was much vaster; he aimed at a mark much more remote. He was the first in his age to direct humanity towards that goal which we have not yet reached at the present day, but towards which we are impelled with redoubled force. He studied to bring reason and faith, religion and liberty, into harmony. His work connects itself with the Council of Constance, with Dante Alighieri, and Arnold of Brescia, initiating that Catholic reformation which has been the perpetual desire of the great Italians.

And when this reformation, which has already become a universal conviction, shall have penetrated also into the reality of facts, then will Christianity receive in the world its full and true development; and Italy will stand anew at the head of a renewed civilization. Then, perhaps, will his life and character be better comprehended, who for this cause endured a glorious martyrdom.

Vague anticipations, and perhaps inconsistent, but we shall not now dwell on them. The French biographer of Savonarola, M. Perrons, whose work was noticed in these columns in August, 1857, is gently reprimanded by Signor Villari for not having formed a decided opinion about his hero, for acquiescing too readily in the inconsistencies imputed to him, and for citing with apparent approbation, a verdict on his character from Rudelbach, which is at variance with his own statements. The Italian author's own judgment of Savonarola is certainly decided enough (though gradually and cautiously brought before the reader), but we doubt whether it is founded on more correct principles. However, the valuable documents brought to light by Signor Villari, including several variations of the minutes of the trials, and some private and state letters of the highest interest, give the work a claim on public attention which will be effectually recommended by the agreeable style and the fulness and vividness of the narrative.

TEN WEEKS IN JAPAN.*

THE conclusions of the Bishop of Victoria on the subject of Japan are entitled to more weight than most which are founded on the experience of a few weeks. In writing of that country, he has the advantage of an intimate knowledge of Chinese character and manners. The presence in both nations of Buddhism—the presence in both of a high degree of civilization of a certain kind—the perfection in the ornamental arts attained by both—these and other features, coupled with the fact that limited access to the one Empire has been the sequel of an extension of European privileges in the other—encourage the popular notion that there is a close analogy between these two races of the far East. Bishop Smith draws attention to several marked dissimilarities. He does not find in Japan the same insincere and heartless scepticism in religion which prevails in China. Liberty of conscience seems to be the national policy; and only when the institutions of the country are endangered and its political fears aroused does the Government of Japan abandon its line of non-intervention with the religious belief of its subjects. There is not the same passion for gambling among the Japanese which is found among their continental neighbours. The position of the female sex is better in Japan than in China. Infanticide, which in some parts of China reduces by nearly one-half the proportion of female children among the poorer classes of the rustic population, does not extend to Japan. Wives hold a more independent and less secluded position in their husband's households. It is not unfrequent for them to assist their lords in the ordinary transactions of business or trade. But the greatest difference of all consists in the rigid social demarcation which prevails in Japan. The Chinese system of competitive examination is quite unknown there; and no one by literary attainments can rise to eminence in the State. Each man's social condition is irrevocably fixed by his birth, and the line which separates class from class is impassable and clearly defined. Hereditary distinctions appear to operate with all the permanency, though without the cruelty, of the Brahminical system of Hindoo caste.

Much of the Bishop's narrative materially qualifies statements which have been made by previous writers on Japan. Thunberg, a Swede, who drew, nearly a century ago, a very rosy picture of the native character, remarks on the absence of drunkenness. The Bishop does not know any portion of the East where he has witnessed so many cases of drunkenness and pauperism, or oftener seen running sores and cutaneous diseases on the persons of beggars. A specific fact upon which the Swede and the Bishop are at issue is the cultivation and consumption of tobacco. Nowhere at present is this plant more universally consumed;

and its preparation for smoking gives employment to large numbers of the people. The reputation for cleanliness and decency with which this nation has been in recent accounts credited seems to have been exaggerated; and if the offensive sights and odours common in China are absent, the Japanese still fall very far short of English ideas of propriety. Even their notion of personal cleanliness is incomplete. Like the Dutch, they sweep and clean their houses and the sides of their streets; and they even go a step beyond this, and indulge in frequent bodily ablutions. The public bath is a great institution in the land, and a very demoralizing one, no distinction of sex being observed in its enjoyment. But their clothes are worn for months without being washed. A warm bath seems to be, with many of the lower classes, an economical provision for saving the trouble and inconvenience of washing their clothing. The picture which the Bishop draws of Japanese morals is very dark. From the highest to the lowest, the most unbridled licentiousness reigns. Even the Buddhist priests are universally looked upon as violating the vows of celibacy. Nor is the slightest attempt made to preserve any appearance of exterior decency. The Protestant missionaries, on their first arrival, were openly beset by parents anxious to gain a temporary settlement for their daughters under the protection of the strangers; and the notion of the moral purity of their visitors was scouted as something preposterous.

Passing from the social to the political aspect of Japan, the Bishop illustrates its present condition by comparing it to that of England in the times of our Plantagenet Princes. We should have thought a closer analogy might be found in the condition of mediæval France. The great Daimios of Japan, with their vast territories and sovereign rights, resemble rather the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany than the turbulent barons who possessed so much power in the reigns of our Edwards. The Government is a national confederacy of these vassal princes, with the supreme administrative power nominally vested in the Siogoon or Tycoon, but really arrogated by the Great Council of State. It is not quite clear how these Councillors are appointed—whether as pure nominees of the Crown, or in deference to the ascertained wishes of the great Daimios. But they belong wholly to that privileged class. It was their known repugnance, and the opposition of the conservative party of Daimios in the Empire, which formed the real difficulty in negotiating the British and American treaties. At present it would seem to be premature to speak of any other party among them. But there are some whose cupidity may induce them to support a liberal policy. But the peculiar difficulty in inserting the thin edge of the wedge of trade is this—that in Japan traders are viewed with much contempt. It is probably this feeling which leads them to underrate the importance of commercial privileges, and to misunderstand the policy of European nations in seeking new outlets for trade. There is, moreover, no middle class whatever in the Empire. Between a haughty and exclusive aristocracy and the lowest classes of society a wide chasm exists, which has yet to be filled up by some enlightened and resolute Tycoon, who shall imitate the policy of our Edward IV., in fostering a middle class as a counterpoise to the power of the great barons. In the following passage the Bishop of Victoria compares the government with that of China:—

While in China the theory of government is a bureaucracy—an administration carried on under an autocratic emperor, served by an aristocracy of literati, raised from the democracy by literary trial and competitive examinations, conducted without preference of birth, and in the total absence of hereditary caste—Japan, on the contrary, is ruled by an aristocracy of 254 hereditary Daimios, or territorial lords of the soil, with a close oligarchy of inner councillors at their head, controlling the Secular Emperor, having their title to power grounded on the privileges of hereditary descent and caste, with all the wealth and prestige of the empire concentrated upon the capital as the metropolis and seat of power. A middle-class is unrecognisable in such a system of society and government.

The chief hold over the Daimios which the Emperor possesses consists in their compulsory residence at Yeddo during the half of each year, or, in the case of distant princes, every alternate year. Their families remain always in the capital as hostages for their loyalty. The relation which the Siogoon bears to the Mikado, or Spiritual Emperor, has grown out of circumstances similar to those which raised the Carolingian dynasty to the throne. The Spiritual Emperor is a *faineant* circumscribed within a circle of solemn trifles, while the Tycoon has usurped all political power. It is against the genius of the Japanese nation to extinguish fictions. They survive, with all the vitality shown by the *congé d'élire* in our own enlightened land. But the motive for their retention here and in the East differs. In Japan, they form an important element in the system of mutual checks upon which the Government is conducted. An ambassador with a mission embarrassing to the Secular Emperor can be politely referred to the Spiritual. A refusal, which is substantially the act of the former, may be represented as proceeding from the latter. Great delay was caused in negotiating the American treaty by the pretended reference to the Spiritual Court and Capital. Perhaps the politicians of the West may borrow from the position of the Mikado a precedent of which to avail themselves in solving the Italian question. Possibly M. de la Guéronnière had him in view when he drew his celebrated sketch of the Pope in "Rome and a garden." The experiment of investing a spiritual potentate with the highest titular honours, while all substantial power is lodged in other hands, is exhibited by the Japanese; and owing to the perfection of their machinery for

* *Ten Weeks in Japan*. By George Smith, D.D., Bishop of Victoria (Hongkong). London: Longmans. 1861.

espionage, with more success than dualism generally meets. *Espionage* is one of the most marked features in the Government. While it utterly destroys all mutual confidence, and does the greatest injury to the native character, it certainly achieves its object of keeping the Central Government *au courant* of all that is going forward in even the extremities of the Empire. The Bishop gives an amusing account of his interview with the Governor of Nagasaki, who, in the presence of the official spies, was afraid to commit himself on any subject, however trivial and unimportant. Mr. Wemmick himself could not have been more mysterious.

Japanese policy has been equally successful in another of its objects—the utter extermination of Christianity. Those who hold that persecution is an ineffectual engine, and serves only to disseminate that which it aims at suppressing, will find a complete refutation of their view in the history of the Jesuit missions in Japan. Their leaders were men of popular manners and the greatest tact. They were welcomed by the people, and counted influential princes among their followers. An embassy of Japanese nobles proceeded to Rome. At one time the whole Empire seemed on the point of becoming nominally Christian. But this fair promise was converted into one of the most signal reverses on record, partly through the divisions of the Roman Catholic Orders, and partly through the jealousies between the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Dutch. The Catholic priests were suspected, moreover, of intriguing against the Imperial dynasty, and of a design to place on the throne one of the vassal princes numbered among their proselytes. The national sentiment of loyalty once aroused, converts were massacred and missionaries banished, having bequeathed, says the Bishop, to all succeeding generations in the island the introduction of tobacco, a hatred of the Christian religion, a distrust of foreigners, and the long-continued seclusion of the Japanese nation from the rest of the world.

In accounting for this result, the Bishop is not content with attributing it merely to political fears, which the growth of Christianity excited in the native mind. He thinks it would have been far otherwise if the Bible had been widely disseminated. "A free and open Bible," he says, "is a necessary supplement to oral instruction, and essential to the permanency of missionary results in any land." In writing thus, he seems to us misled by his own theological bias. We cannot see that the distribution of the Bible would have disarmed political fears. On the contrary, there would be much in it calculated to arouse them. Apart from much in the Scriptures that would appear to the uneducated Pagan dangerously subversive, there would be still more which would be simply unintelligible. He would find the preacher denouncing as unhallowed, states of life allowed in Scripture. He would hear him lay the greatest stress on duties as to which the sacred volume was silent, and, conversely, he would find the sacred volume prescribing what the preacher would not enforce. He would see a mere intellectual puzzle in the complicated scheme set forth by his new teacher; and this we can hardly imagine a condition favourable to conversion. That the Bible is a most powerful engine in the work of evangelization no one doubts, or that there is a time and disposition of men's minds when it can be employed by the missionary with the greatest effect. But whether it should in the first instance be put prominently forward may well admit of question. When the Bishop of Victoria asserts that, unless the Bible is put in the hands of the people, permanent results are not to be looked for in missionary work, he seems to us to forget the many Roman Catholic missions of whose system "a free and open Bible" forms no part, which have been successfully planted in different parts of the globe. His theory as to the failure of the Jesuits in Japan is hardly consistent with the much more probable account which he himself gives of the facts which led to that failure. Surely he cannot mean that any amount of Bible distribution would have neutralized the bad effects occasioned by political intrigue, and the jealousy of commercial rivals.

Whatever speculations may be entertained as to the past, the present is no time, in the opinion of all competent judges, for distributing the Holy Scriptures among the Japanese. "The heart of this people is hard—you must wait awhile," was the reply of one of the most liberal Japanese statesmen to the American Consul-General, when he advocated the repeal of the edicts in force against Christianity. If the difficulties be great, there are some circumstances, on the other hand, favourable to the spread of the gospel. One result of the system of centralization has been to preserve a more than ordinary uniformity of spoken language through the country. The missionary is spared, therefore, the necessity of mastering, as in China, a great variety of colloquial dialects. The following fact is very curious:—There are at Yeddo a hundred families, descendants of a hundred native Christians, who renounced the faith and had their lives spared on condition that they and their posterity, in all time, should retain a knowledge of the abjured religion. They were to act in every age as a body of religious spies, and detect any latent germs of the hated creed. "A strange but not impossible result it would be (remarks the Bishop) if, under a more favourable state of things, an instrumentality originally designed for the repression of the Christian faith should be converted, in the providence of the Almighty, into an agency for diffusing the Gospel through the Japanese Empire."

HISTORICAL NUMISMATICS.*

WE insisted, in a previous article, on the significance of Numismatics as a minor branch of historical study, and on the comparative unimportance of the science of coins if pursued for any other ulterior motive. The Roman series, as continued by the Byzantine and its various offshoots, and commencing with the Consular or family coins of the Republic, affords, beyond all doubt, the most interesting and important scope for historical investigation and discovery. Some coins are, we may say, in themselves historical documents. The great mass, however, if taken separately, are not able to afford much profit or instruction. Thus it will be a wearisome task, and more fruitful of failure than success, to attempt to generalize or deduce illustration from any series which has not been rigorously classified and reduced to order. Such arrangement as this is a necessary and unavoidable inconvenience, tempering, technical, and at times almost mechanical. It requires never-tiring patience and the most watchful care and accuracy. But let such classification be once thoroughly effected, and great will be the harvest of discovery to ensue. So comparatively easy will the process then become, that the discoveries may be almost said to make themselves, and will lie patent to the most average abilities.

We have before us several works relating to the history of the Roman coinage at different periods. M. Cohen's book on Consular Coins stands first in chronological order. This really valuable work supplies what had long been a desideratum in numismatic science, and is illustrated, moreover, with excellent plates. M. Cohen is one of the permanent staff at the Bibliothèque, or National French Collection, and is well known for a most indefatigable labourer in this field of research. He is engaged, as a sequel to the preceding work, on the great task of the Imperial coinage of Rome—an undertaking of the highest interest and very considerable promise. Of this four volumes have already appeared, which carry us down to the death of Gallienus, and thus conclude what we may call the upper or classical portion of the Empire. The coins of what is commonly termed the Lower Empire yet remain to be described—that is, the period between Constantine and Romulus Augustus. The Byzantine Empire is usually made to commence with the accession of Anastasius.

The historical numismatist will not fail to remark that a broad change and revolution is perceptible in the coinage during the reign of Gallienus. This resulted in a great degree from the confusion of a national bankruptcy, no less than an increasing tendency towards centralization throughout the Empire. At this period the local mints cease to issue copper, as the debasement and depreciation of the Denarius, or silver coin of the realm, manifestly discouraged any continuance of this metal. About the same time, the currency of the East, a continuation of the Seleucid, Ptolemaic, and other Asiatic issues, merges likewise into the Roman series, and becomes uniform therewith. Thus, from the reign of Gallienus to the death of Theodosius the Great, in A.D. 395, one coinage, and that the coinage of Rome, circulated almost exclusively over the then known world.

M. Lenormant first observed that Zenobia, when holding the East under Imperial authority, had minted coins in Egypt of the reigning Emperor, Claudius Gothicus, but without mention of herself or her family thereon. It has been subsequently ascertained that numerous Latin coins of one characteristic fabric belonging to Gallienus, no less than Claudius Gothicus, are to be referred to the Palmyrene dynasty. Antioch may, with every probability, be considered as their place of mintage. We have thus direct evidence from an interesting class of records that the early Palmyrene princes considered themselves merely lieutenants of the Empire, and therefore no mention was made of any of them on their earlier coinage. They continued to adhere to this monetary principle until they came to an open rupture with the Empire and Aurelian. During, however, an intermediate period of neither peace nor war, Vabalathus, the son of Zenobia, arrogantly placed his portrait on the coin with that of Aurelian. After the rupture, Zenobia and her son appear alone on their coinage, without mention of Aurelian. We have entered at some length upon the coins of this family in order to explain by what means a judicious application of numismatics enables us to illustrate the history of an interesting dynasty at an obscure period.

We are indebted to M. de Saulcy for the first comprehensive view of the Byzantine series. Considering the limited amount of accessible material at the time when he wrote, his work may be regarded as a really wonderful *tour de force*, and as indicative of numismatic capacities of the highest order. M. de

* *Description des Monnaies de la République Romaine.* Par Henry Cohen. Paris: Rollin. Londres: Curt. 1858.

Description Historique des Monnaies frappées sous l'Empire Romain. Par Henry Cohen. Paris: Rollin. Londres: Curt. En Quatre Vols. 1858-1860.

Iconographie d'une Collection Choisie de Cinq Mille Médailles. Par J. Sabatier. Saint Pétersbourg: Bellizard et Cie. Paris: Rollin. Londres: Barthès et Lowel. 1847.

Essai de Classification des Suites Monétaires Byzantines. Par F. de Saulcy. Metz: Lamort. 1836.

The Handbook of Roman Numismatics. By Fred. W. Madden, of the British Museum, Hon. Secretary of the Numismatic Society. London: J. Russel Smith. 1861.

Sauley is also well known for researches in other branches of the science. M. Sabatier has published a valuable and voluminous work, with a great number of coins engraved for the first time. From having to describe each specimen as it came to hand, and economizing thereby the time required for so laborious an undertaking, M. Sabatier has been obliged to sacrifice any idea of rigorous arrangement in his plates. We understand, however, that this will be remedied in the second edition now in preparation. Mr. Madden's little work owes its chief interest to the interval between Gallienus and Theodosius the Great, and embodies some of the newest results of inquiries on this period. Mr. Madden shows considerable zeal in the pursuit, and what he has done gives promise of a more comprehensive and detailed effort at some future period.

Any one who will take the trouble of turning over M. Sabatier's plates, or consulting any public collection, will agree that after the introduction of Christianity, direct historical commemoration becomes less frequent on the coins. We refer to such legends and subjects as *Rex Parthis datus*, *Judaea devicta*, and their analogues. Distinctive individual portraiture may be said also to show concurrent symptoms of decay. These characteristics become, with a few exceptions, intensified in the Byzantine series. For instance, can we for one moment suppose that so important an event as the reconquest of Candia, or Chandax, the ancient Crete, under Romanus II., would have been passed unnoticed on the coins of any Caesar of the first two centuries of our era? Thus does the coinage cease in a great measure from chronicling current history, after the first scanty appearance of the cross monograms under Constantine—affording us a kind of foretaste of the manner in which religious emblems and subjects would supersede everything else on the later Byzantine series. The tenacity, however, of the old Pagan institutions, long after the Empire had become virtually Christianized, is shown by the fact, recorded by Gibbon and Mr. Finlay, that not till the reign of Gratian was the title of Pontifex Maximus discontinued by the Emperors, or the statue of Victory removed from the Roman Curia. Simultaneously with the decline of portraiture and historic commemoration, a new field, rich in result and interest, presents itself in the barbarous imitations of the current Roman coinage by the various Teutonic tribes who successively overran the Western Empire. We alluded in a previous article to this portion of the subject.

As early as the reign of Constantius II. we have direct numismatic evidence of the disturbed state of Gaul—the province most exposed to inroads from the Rhenish frontier. This state of things gradually advances until, under Honorius, Imperial coins of the Gallic mints no longer exist, unless we reckon those struck by a few contemporary usurpers in that country. In the reign of Anastasius, the coinage of the Teutonic tribes in Gaul and Spain first begins to bear distinctive indications of its own, consisting of single letters, monograms, or fragmentary names. M. Lenormant has undertaken the study of such coins from this point, and thrown the greatest light on the subject. During the interval between the reigns of Honorius and Anastasius, the Burgundians, Visigoths, Vandals, &c., were blindly copying current Roman types. To distinguish and classify the products of this period is a new and interesting task, in which, we believe, some progress is being made.

There also remains much to be done in the Italian coinage of the Lombard period and its subsequent ramifications. Recent investigation has enabled us to distinguish a duplicate and parallel Byzantine series struck in the Italian provinces of the Eastern Empire. Ravenna, their capital since the reconquest of Belisarius, would be the chief place of mintage. Of Justinian there exists both the first coin of the Italian-Byzantine series, and the last coin of the Ostrogothic-Italian currency; while the earlier coinage of the Lombards is to be sought for among the barbarous imitations of the contemporaneous types. This Western Byzantine series is synchronous with the exarchate of Ravenna, and reaches to the reign of Leo the Isaurian. The Byzantine prototypes are reproduced throughout the Peninsula, no less by the Dukes of Benevento than the Norman dynasty of Sicily and Naples. From the time, however, of Pepin and Charles the Great, the Carolingian system—essentially a silver currency—begins to spread beyond the Alps southwards. This, between 774 and 1200, A.D., gradually supersedes the Byzantine influence upon the coinage, most traces of which finally disappear with the first years of the Swabian dynasty in Southern Italy.

If we turn for a moment to our own country before we conclude, we shall find that the study of the debateable land between the late British or semi-Roman and early Anglo-Saxon coinages is replete with difficulties and uncertainty. No one should undertake this task unarmed with a very extended experience of the Continental Teutonic coinages and imitations of the same period. In Gaul, Spain, Italy, and Africa, the first invaders and their institutions are, as it were, absorbed into the old civilization, and become gradually Romanized. Then follows in each of these countries a second irruption and a new influx of conquerors—Teutonic in Gaul and Italy, Arabian in Spain and Africa. The latter provinces we may henceforward dismiss into the domain of Oriental and Medieval Numismatists. Returning to Gaul and Italy, we find the partial reabsorption of the Romanized element into Teutonism, clearly indicated by the already mentioned substitution of silver, the old Germanic standard, for the gold currency of Rome. In England, however, the case is

different, and our chief difficulty will consist in reconciling, by the possible aid of coins, much that remains unsettled from the absence of better authorities. This period of transition is very faintly indicated in the history of Britain, by the scanty and colourless narratives of our available authorities on this period. The British element, to all intents, disappears under a widely-diffused Roman colonization. Yet after the withdrawal, or, as we prefer calling it, spontaneous decay of the Roman power in this island, the British element revives under conditions of renewed vitality, in a number of obscure struggles with successive Teutonic immigrations.

It is remarkable that immediately after the extinction of Roman authority in this country, we observe a prevalence of the Germanic silver standard, combined with an almost total absence of Roman gold imitations. This evidence points to the supposition that the remnants of Roman influence at that time had already become considerably Germanized. Such an hypothesis, numismatically derived, stands at variance with the commonly received accounts of the Saxon invasion. The towns were evidently the stronghold of whatever then survived of Roman institutions and Roman civilization. The unobtrusive part taken by these towns in the ensuing struggle would seem to corroborate the idea that long intercourse with the Saxons and a continuous influx of these and other Teutonic nations had already operated to a virtual amalgamation of the lingering Roman element with the Teutonic; and this would unite the sympathies of the towns against the more uncivilized British population. Thus in England did Germanism readily enough engraft itself, as in every other instance, upon a Roman stock. In this country, however, the fusion of the two elements amounted nearly to a transformation, inasmuch as this change was more radically effected than elsewhere. Constant Teutonic immigration, greater geographical accessibility, and the comparative weakness of the Roman Government to act on the offensive in a province more remote, contributed severally to distinguish the case of England from that of Gaul and the rest of the Continental Imperial dominions. Here, the process of amalgamation between Roman and Anglo-Saxon Britain must have commenced much earlier than is currently supposed, and seems to have been brought about in a more peaceable and natural course of events.

THE LAST TRAVELS OF IDA PFEIFFER.*

FIFTY years ago, such feats in travelling as Madame Pfeiffer has since performed would have been thought utterly impossible for unprotected females. At the mature age of forty-five—an age at which most women would prefer the unadventurous quiet of home life to the most exciting attractions of foreign travel—Madame Pfeiffer began the wanderings which have rendered her so famous. The public has long been familiar with the records of her two journeys round the world, which were published in 1850 and 1856 respectively. In the present volume we have the account of her last expedition to the Mauritius and Madagascar, in which last island she contracted the painful disease which, a year later, put an end to her life. The biography prefixed to these *Last Travels* is so interesting and characteristic that we are only inclined to quarrel with the compiler for not having supplied us with more ample details. From her earliest childhood, our heroine seems to have been remarkable for that firmness and energy of character which, in after life, stood her in such good stead. Born at Vienna in 1797, Ida was the third child of the wealthy merchant Reyer, and the only daughter in a family of seven. This circumstance may in part account for the decided predilection she early showed for boyish pursuits and amusements over the usual occupations of her own sex. In this irregular tendency—to the extent of allowing her to be dressed as a boy—her father, who though harsh in some respects, was also eccentric, humoured her to the time of his death, when Ida was ten years old. An attempt soon after made by her mother to dress her in more suitable garments was so vehemently resented by the young Amazon that it was feared she would become seriously ill if thwarted in her *penchant* for male attire. Nor was it till she was thirteen that she could be led to see the necessity of conforming to popular notions in favour of women dressing according to their sex. During the French invasion of Austria under Napoleon, Ida, though only twelve years old, took a deep interest in all the events of the war, reading the newspaper eagerly, and often tracing out on the map the relative positions of the two armies. Hating the French Emperor with an intense and passionate bitterness, she never scrupled to express her sentiments even before the French officers who were quartered in her mother's house. The following anecdote strikingly proves of what strong feelings she was capable when but a mere child:—

It is related that Ida was compelled to be present at a review of his troops held by Napoleon in Schönbrunn. When the hated Emperor rode past, the girl turned her back, and received a box on the ear for her demonstrativeness from her mother, who then held her by the shoulders lest she should repeat the trick. But nothing was gained by this manoeuvre, for when the Emperor came riding back with his glittering staff of marshals around him, Miss Ida resolutely closed her eyes.

Little more is told us of her early history, till we come to a sad

* *The Last Travels of Ida Pfeiffer: inclusive of a Visit to Madagascar. With a Biographical Memoir of her Life. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. 1861.*

episode which was near bringing her life to a premature close. Though an old tale, and often told, the story in the present case has an interest peculiarly its own, both from the person to whom it relates, and still more from the apparent want of firmness, so alien from her usual character, that Madame Pfeiffer here exhibited. A Mr. T—, who for several years had acted as tutor to Ida and her brothers, and to whom she declared herself indebted for the change "from a wild hoydenish creature into a modest girl"—and, in short, for all the better and more feminine feelings to which she thenceforth became subject—fell in love with his wilful pupil. Her mother, however, though previously very partial to the young man, steadily refused to sanction his addresses. Her reasons for objecting to the match are not very clear, for though Mr. T— had but a small salary of his own, Ida had been well provided for by her father. Though compelled to resign her lover, Ida for three years resolutely refused to entertain the proposals of any other suitor. At the end of this period, an accidental meeting with Mr. T— produced such an effect upon her mind as to bring on a violent fever. After hovering for some time between life and death, the fever at last left her, and she rose from her sick bed unchanged in heart, but broken, it would seem, in spirit. The discomfort of her home, owing to the persecutions of her mother to induce her to marry, at length drew from her a promise to accept the next eligible suitor who offered—provided he were of an advanced age. Accordingly, when, soon afterwards Dr. Pfeiffer—a man twenty-four years her senior—presented himself, she agreed to marry him, after first making him acquainted with her previous attachment. Her old lover remained constant to the last, and, true to his word, never married. Her marriage with Dr. Pfeiffer, so far as her husband was concerned, seems to have been as happy as a union under such circumstances could be. He treated her kindly, and though they shared a good deal of poverty together, she appears to have had no cause to regret the confidence she had placed in him. In 1842, having seen her two sons settled in life, Madame Pfeiffer began her travels. These she continued, almost without intermission, up to the last year of her life, when the effects of the hardships she underwent in her last expedition forced her to pause, and in October, 1858, when she had just entered on her sixty-second year, brought her enterprising and eventful life to a close. In these her *Last Travels*, before starting for Madagascar, Madame Pfeiffer spent a short time in Holland. Her account of the places she there visited, though purposely short and imperfect, is always fresh and lively, and shows what a sensible and observant mind the writer possessed. At Haarlem she met with a curious custom, once prevalent all over Holland, but now peculiar to that town. Over the door of a house she noticed an oval disc, about a foot and a-half long, covered with thick silk, and ornamented with rich lace in ample folds. This indicated the recent birth of a baby. When a strip of paper projected over the disc, it showed that the new comer was a girl. The practice had its rise in old warlike times, when the rough soldiery respected the house where the sign was displayed. Again, at Zaandam, famous as the place where Peter the Great worked at shipbuilding, Madame Pfeiffer found another strange fashion, strictly confined to this village. Every house stands in a garden by itself, and has three doors. One of these doors is never used except on the three following occasions—1. When the bride and bridegroom go forth to be married; 2. When a child is taken to the font; and, 3. When any of the family are carried to their last earthly resting place.

On the 31st of August, 1856, after several delays, Madame Pfeiffer at last started on her journey to Madagascar, in an emigrant vessel from Rotterdam, bound for the Cape. Arrived here, she set out again, almost immediately, for the Mauritius, in company with a Mr. Lambert. This gentleman, having visited Madagascar some two years before and made friends with the Queen, was now contemplating another expedition, in which he invited Madame Pfeiffer to be his companion. Accordingly, after a four months' sojourn in the Mauritius, where she formed a by no means favourable opinion of the European and Creole inhabitants, Madame Pfeiffer ultimately gained her object, and crossed over to Madagascar, landing at the harbour of Tamatavé. Divided from the N.E. coast of Africa by the Mozambique Channel, Madagascar is the largest island in the world next to Borneo. Its area is about 10,000 geographical miles, and its population is variously estimated from 1½ to 6 millions. But on this latter point there are no reliable statistics.

The island contains woods of immense extent, far stretching plains and valleys, many rivers and lakes, and great chains of mountains, whose summits rise from ten to twelve thousand feet, and even higher. The vegetation is exceedingly luxuriant, the climate very hot. The coasts, where there are many swamps, are very unhealthy for Europeans, but the interior of the island is more salubrious. The chief productions are some peculiar balsams and gums, sugar, tobacco, silk, maize, indigo, and spices. The forests yield the handsomest kinds of wood for buildings and furniture, and trees bearing almost every fruit of the torrid zone. Among the various descriptions of palms, the beautiful water-palm is frequently found. In the animal kingdom Madagascar also possesses some peculiar species; for instance, the magnis, or half-ape, and the black parrot, besides much horned cattle, many goats, sheep, and beautiful birds. The woods and savannahs swarm with wild cattle and pigs, wild dogs and cats; but there are no dangerous animals beyond these. The snakes are innocuous, and there are very few reptiles, none of them being poisonous, except the centipede, and the little black spider which lives under ground, and whose sting is said to be deadly; but this spider is seldom met with. In metallic substances, too, this island is

said to be very wealthy, especially in iron and coal; but its mineral treasures have as yet been very little explored.

It is peopled by four distinct races—Kaffirs, Negroes, Arabs, and Malays. All are very indolent, superstitious, inquisitive, and unprincipled. The French are the only European nation who have made any serious attempt to establish themselves in the island, and they, at the time of Madame Pfeiffer's visit, had been lately expelled by Queen Ranavola. This Queen, judging by our author's statements, is the very incarnation of all that is bad and bloodthirsty. On one occasion she is said to have massacred, in cold blood, 25,000 Seclares (a native race on the Eastern coast), after they had laid down their arms, and sold their wives and children as slaves. Hardly a day passes without her signing half-a-dozen death-warrants. Her son, Prince Rakoto, is happily a complete contrast to his mother in character, and does his best to mitigate the ferocity of her rule. As may be supposed, the state of the people is miserable in the extreme. Though not heavily taxed—a hundredweight of rice a-year being all that is directly required from them—the compulsory labour, and other similar exactions, make their condition a grievous bondage, and prevent their attending properly to their own work. Rice—which is sown twice in the year—is the plant chiefly cultivated in Madagascar. A month each time is allowed the people for this purpose, after which, whether it is finished or not, they are subject to be impressed for any work her Majesty's officers may order.

Under King Radama, who preceded Queen Ranavola on the throne, and cultivated the friendship of European nations, Christianity obtained a partial footing in the island, and the missionaries were allowed to build schools and teach the Bible. But Ranavola, who detests everything European, has strictly forbidden any of her subjects to become Christians, and persecutes without mercy all who are suspected of being converts. Just before Madame Pfeiffer was banished the island, several poor wretches suffered death by the most barbarous tortures on this charge. With the exception of those few who have embraced Christianity, the religious condition of the natives seems to be lower than that of any other nation in the world. "Incredible as it may appear," says Madame Pfeiffer, "the Hovas and Malagaseys have no religion at all—not the slightest idea of a God, of the immortality of the soul, or even of its existence." The Queen is said to worship a few household idols, but relies much more on the verdicts of the Sikidy. The people may worship anything they like—a tree, river, or rock—but a belief in Christ is strictly forbidden. The Sikidy oracle above alluded to is popular throughout Madagascar, but especially at Court. It consists in a certain number of beans and stones being mixed together, and from the figures they form the learned in this art of divination predict the favourable or unfavourable result of an undertaking. The Queen, whose cruelty seems only matched by her superstition, will not do the most trifling act without first consulting the Sikidy. Besides the more ordinary punishments to which her Majesty of Madagascar is wont to subject her victims—such as hurling from a high rock, scalding to death, hewing in pieces, and sewing up in mats, with only the head protruding, and then leaving to rot alive—Madame Pfeiffer mentions one as horrible as it is, we believe, original. Gangs of four or five prisoners, with heavy irons round their necks and wrists, are fastened together by thick iron bars about eighteen inches long. They are then set at liberty, only carefully watched, to see that none of the irons are filed off. When one of the number dies, the head must be cut off to extricate the corpse, but the dead man's fetters are left to drag upon the survivors, till at last they can hardly move, and perish miserably under the heavy weight. Besides those who are thus deliberately put to death, numbers more come to an untimely end by the Tanguin, or poison-test. The poison, extracted from the kernel of a fruit as large as a peach (*Tanguinea veneniflora*), is spread upon three little pieces of skin, about an inch in size. These the accused has to swallow, and his hope of escape depends upon his bringing them up again, the skins uninjured. For this purpose he drinks quantities of rice-water, which causes the body to swell visibly, and brings on violent vomitings. A few, by this means, get off in safety. But if the skins be at all injured, those who have escaped the poison are put to death in some other way. From the slave to the noble, any one against whom an accusation is brought must submit to this ordeal. When the offender has been condemned to the Tanguin by the Queen herself, the antidote of rice-water is not permitted.

Madame Pfeiffer was ultimately expelled from Madagascar, after a five months' residence in the island, together with her friends, Mr. Lambert and a M. Laborde, in consequence of a conspiracy to dethrone the Queen in favour of Prince Rakoto, in which they took a leading part. However much we may sympathize with her humane wish to deliver the natives from the tyranny of such a monster as Queen Ranavola, we cannot be surprised that her Majesty should prefer the safety of her throne to the honour of Madame Pfeiffer's company. If the present volume cannot add much to Madame Pfeiffer's long-established reputation as a bold and enterprising traveller, the simple and unaffected style in which she relates her adventures in these her last travels will doubtless secure for the book as wide a popularity as her former narratives have deservedly obtained.

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Thursday, 5th September.—SOIREE (Microscopes), in the Free-trade Hall.

Friday, 6th September.—EVENING DISCOURSE.

Saturday, 7th September.—SOIREE (Telegraphs), in the Free-trade Hall.

Monday, 8th September.—EVENING DISCOURSE.

Tuesday, 10th September.—SOIREE (Field Naturalists' Society), in the Free-trade Hall.

On Thursday, the 12th of September.—Important EXCURSIONS.

Gentlemen desirous of attending the meeting may make their choice of being proposed as life members, paying £10 as a composition, or annual subscribers, paying an admission fee of £1, and additional £1 annually, or associates for the meeting, paying £1. Ladies may become members on the same terms as gentlemen; or ladies' tickets (transferable to ladies only) may be obtained in the Reception Room, by members, on payment of £1.

Life members receive gratuitously the reports of the Association which may be published after the date of payment.

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In order to facilitate arrangements for the meeting, it is desirable that application for tickets should be made as early as possible.

Forms of proposal will be supplied in the Reception Room during the meeting; or the names of candidates for admission may be transmitted to the Local Secretaries.

As the funds which the Association has to expend for its scientific objects consist only of the payments made by its members and associates, it is particularly desirable that every opportunity should be taken of increasing their number.

Compositions and subscriptions of new members or associates will be received by the Local Secretaries until the commencement of the meeting; afterwards, as well as the subscriptions and arrears of former members, by the Local Treasurer.

For information respecting the local arrangements, application may be made by letter addressed to any of the Local Secretaries for the meeting, at the Portico, Manchester.

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MEETING IN MANCHESTER,
4TH TO 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1861.

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Reception Room, Portico, Manchester, August, 1861.

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1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977

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